ANOTHER VERY THRILLING STORY IN THE LEDGER ISSUE OF NEXT WEEK.
IT WILL BE CALLED "JANET WALTER'S TRIAL; OR, THE GREEK LETTER."

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 45. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1908. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

THE SEA KIDNAPERS;

Or, A Mysterious Voyage

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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CHAPTER I.

CARRIED TO SEA.

RICHARD DALTON lay for a considerable time in semi-consciousness, perplexed by things he could not comprehend, and then dully opened his eyes and looked about him in additional bewilderment.

"I don't understand!" was the thought in his mind. "This is not my room, nor any room I've ever seen before. The look of it is surely the look of a vessel's stateroom, and then there is this rolling motion, the sound of water, and various creakings overhead. Have I lost my mind, or am I at sea?"

An unnatural stupor was upon him, but certain facts were clear. From his birth in 1797 he had been a dweller on shore, and had rarely taken even short sea voyages. He was by birth, education and choice a son of the land, and had never considered taking to the sea. At last recollection he had been on land—and then had come a blank.

Why was he afloat?

Somewhere above him, muffled by planking, but still distinct, several voices suddenly joined in song, and he recognized the sailor's song, "The Bay of Biscay." He sat up suddenly. The song aided to clear his head.

"I'm all right!" he exclaimed. "I'm on a vessel; I'm at sea. In the name of all that's mysterious, what does it mean?"

Various emotions surged through him and he leaped from his berth. He found his legs a trifle weak and his head dizzy, but he stood without trouble. One glance showed him his clothing at hand, and he hastened to dress.

"Am I kidnaped?" he soliloquized. "That sort of thing ought to be out of fashion in the year 1822, and then—this private room! Kidnaped men don't usually get such good quarters. But this beats me! I go to sleep on land and wake up on water. What does it mean?"

His garments went on in haste, and then he roughly pushed open the door. The ship's cabin was beyond, but it was untenanted. He stopped for a moment. The cabin was very fairly appointed. Little as he knew about sea life, he was sure that few merchant vessels had its equal. Was he, then, on board a private craft?

He found the companionway and mounted its steps. The ocean breeze caught him and helped to clear his head still further. He planted his feet on deck with a well-balanced brain to aid his further investigations. Once up, he paused and looked about his critically.

No land was in sight. And the vessel was bowling along at a nine-knot clip, with the afternoon sun on the starboard quarter. Presumably, that meant they were leaving the mainland more fully astern.

While he was looking blankly at the wilderness of billows, a voice sounded close at hand, gruff and unmusical, but pacific enough.

"Ahoy, Mr. Volway! Glad to see you on deck!"

Richard wheeled sharply. Before him was a short, stumpy man with red hair and a bushy red beard. He was as rough a block as nature could turn out of its workshop, and first glance gave the landsman the impression that he was a knave. But it was equally clear that he was captain of the vessel, and Richard resisted an impulse to get away from him before he was robbed or maltreated.

But the passenger had something he wanted to say.

"Where the dickens am I?" he demanded.

"We've just sunk the Three Chicken Isles, sir," replied the red whiskers, very politely.

"The deuce you have! Sunk them, eh? Collision, I take it?"

"Ha, ha! Very good! For, of course, you know that, at sea, to 'sink' certain land or a certain ship is to leave it out of sight astern."

"I don't care a rap for all that. Where am I?"

"On board the brig Red Rover, Captain Gord Rockett, master—that being myself. I think you will understand, Mr. Volway—ha, ha—and I am glad to find you a gent with so much humor. I like jokes, myself."

"You are too confounded practical. Well, granted that I am on board, why am I here?"

"We can't tell until the clock opens."

"Until the—what's that?"

"Until the clock opens."

"Oh!" cried Richard, disgusted, "I see it's you who are the joker. To the pound with your clocks and trumpery. Turn your old tub about and take me back to Mobile!"

Captain Rockett smiled as if the suggestion amused him greatly.

"Something been left behind?" he asked.

"No. Something has been taken, and that something is myself. Are you a kidnaper, sir?"

"Not noticeably."

"Is there a mistake, or is there a plot?"

"You ought to know."

"I don't know that much, but one thing I do know. I am here against my will, either by accident or treachery. Do you know who I am?"

"Do I?" asked Rockett, chuckling. "Well, Mr. Volway, as to that——"

"Drop this farce. My name is not Volway, I am Richard Dalton of Mobile. Something has happened to me. The last I remember I had supper in the White Gem Cafe. I awoke from unconsciousness to find myself at sea. Now, what's up? Am I kidnaped?"

"Very well put, sir. With your jokes you are a right merry gent, and such makes a voyage merry and pleasantly agreeable."

"There will be merry riot here if you don't answer me to the point. But you can do better. Turn your ship about and take me to Mobile, and that may end trouble for you. But, sir, I don't aspire to make a sea trip, and I'll have the law on you if you don't do as I say. Turn about and take me home to Mobile!"

Richard had grown imperious. It added insult to injury to have his remonstrances taken as jests, and a natural impulse to hate this red-headed skipper received fresh fuel. He glared at Rockett and clinched his hand with an impulse to strike the fellow to the deck. He was no coward, and he did not intend to act a passive part.

His belligerent manner did not please the captain, who was as rough as he looked, and that person grew surly.

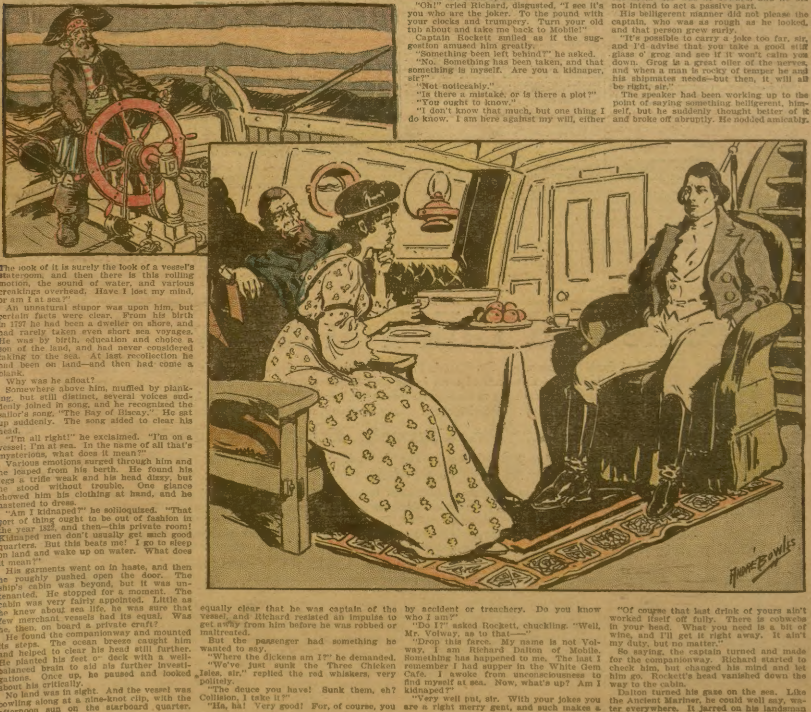
"It's possible to carry a joke too far, sir, and I'd advise that you take a good stiff glass o' grog and see if it won't calm you down. Grog is a great oiler of the nerves, and when a man is rocky of temper he and his shipmates needs—but then, it will all be right, sir."

The speaker had been working up to the point of saying something belligerent, himself, but he suddenly thought better of it and broke off abruptly. He nodded amicably.

"Of course that last drink of yours ain't worked itself off fully. There is cobwebs in your head. What you need is a bit of wine, and I'll get it right away. It ain't my duty, but no matter."

So saying, the captain turned and made for the companionway. Richard started to check him, but changed his mind and let him go. Rockett's head vanished down the way to the cabin.

Dalton turned his gaze on the sea. Like the Ancient Mariner, he could well say, water everywhere. It jarred on his landsman



nerves to see that vast expanse of brine glistening in the bright sun. He hated it. Not a rod of land could he see, and Mobile was droping farther astern with each dip of the cutwater.

Suddenly a sailor sidled up to him, and a plug of tobacco was extended in a hairy hand.

"Make believe take it, sir!" said the owner of the tobacco in a low tone and with hurried utterances. "Make believe you asked me for it. Take a bite! It will be safer for you. That's right, sir. Now, quick is the word. The Old Man an' all the hands but me think you's out o' your head an' in delirium. If you're sane, I don't want to chuck my oar into your affairs, but if you tell the truth about bein' a different man from what they think you—if they've got the wrong passenger—your life may depend on your going slow!"

Richard had looked hard at his new acquaintance. He saw a middle-aged man in sailor clothes, clearly a hand before the mast; and he was plain and unlettered, but, unlike the skipper, honesty and good humor beamed from his rugged face. His tone and manner had so impressed the young man that he had accepted the tobacco and carried it to his mouth. More, he had taken a chew, though the stuff seemed vile to him.

He still gazed fixedly at the sailor.

"What," he asked, "is this gang I'm with —yes, and where are we going, and why am I here?"

"I was shipped just afore we cast loose from the wharf in Mobile, an' all I know is that this is a private vessel, an' off on a private cruise. We're in ballast, an' where we're for I dunno. All hands says you're Mr. Volway, one o' the undertakers o' the v'yge. If you ain't, jest you lay low an' act prudent—let them still think, as they think now, that you're out o' yer head. I say it friendly, don't have a row with the skipper, or you're a dead man!"

"But, the crew——"

"Not a man-Jack o' them would I trust to comb my hair if he could make a dollar by cuttin' my throat. It's a bad gang. Mark that down! Now, it won't do for me to linger. Praise the terbacco so my mates will hear you do it!"

Richard was no fool, and, with this voice ringing in his ears with sincerity in every word, he suddenly grew cautious and betook himself to strategy.

"Sailors," he proclaimed distinctly, "are always good judges of tobacco, and you have a fine brand here. Sweet, clear, nippy! It gets a hold on the jaws like oil on machinery." Then he lowered his voice and added: "But if they're such cutthroats, what good will I do by acting a passive part?"

"Why, sir, they think you are Mr. Volway, boss o' the whole v'yge, so even Rockett will be servant to you—though he sure won't turn back to Mobile. Mark this down, mate, if you're him you say, you may go to feed the fishes, but if you accept their verdict that you're Volway, why, you're boss."

The speaker backed off a trifle.

"My name is Dan'l Grief," he added; and then he raised his own voice: "Glad you like it, sir, but as to tellin' you what firm makes it, I can't do it. Maybe my mates——"

He turned and faced the loitering crew.

"Say, mateys," he pursued, "anybody know what firm makes this brand o' the weed we use?"

Several of the crew gave a negative.

"There you have it, sir," added Grief; "you see we can't tell. Glad you like the tobacco, an'—my best, sir!"

The grim old sea dog scraped and bowed a retreat, gnawing at the sample weed that had served him so well. Not one of the hands directed a suspicious look at him, as far as could be seen, and he was soon perched on the windlass.

Just then Captain Gord Rockett reappeared, bottle and glass in hand, and approached Dalton.

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE VOYAGE.

The unwilling voyager did not lack astuteness, and with the warning of Daniel Grief fresh in his mind, he was disposed to place his interests in the best possible position. Before, he had been ready to berate Captain Gord Rockett hotly. Now, he determined to court patience and see which way the wind blew before he went too fast.

Tidings had sometimes come to Mobile of desperate sea rovers and deeds of violence. Prudence called upon him for caution, and he did not frown upon the idea.

Rockett arrived with the bottle and the glass in hand.

"Here you are, Mr. Volway," he cried cheerfully. "Drink hearty, and it'll make your sails fill and the masts leap. You'll be the better for the wash along your hull."

Richard forced a smile and a laugh.

"Skipper," he said, and with responsive cheerfulness, "you are a man with a cargo in your head."

"And," added the captain, winking, "I've just taken a cargo into my stomach. Thought your poison might be good for me, too."

The word "poison" did not fall agreeably upon Dalton's ears, but he could not afford to take outward heed of it. He drank and expressed thanks.

"That's fine stuff!" he added.

"D'ye know where I got it?" asked Rockett.

"No."

"Well, you ought to, for you bought it with your own money, and it was your own pick. Don't you remember sending it aboard?"

"I ought to, but my head—oh! were you along when I bought it?"

"No. I never set eyes on you until you were brought on board—ahem—well, in sailor language, you were drunk as a lord. That was the first time I ever saw you, and it's ditto as to the crew, one and all. So I couldn't have been with you when you bought it."

"That's logic. Still, Captain, I don't recall buying that stuff."

"A few hours in the sharp breeze will clear your head fully."

"So I hope. It is bad to be so confoundedly muddled. Would you mind helping my water-logged brain by telling me all about things that have gone before—especially as to things in Mobile?"

"It's a go, sir. You seem strong; let's walk as we talk. Well, then, I had been master of the schooner Polly Pringle, but she ran into a gale off the Mexican Coast and went down with pretty much all hands but my first mate, Eldad Sawlton and me.

"Being picked up, we was taken to Mobile, and there, was accosted by a gent who said his name was John Lorrington. He said he and some others was fittin' out a vessel for a private cruise, and they wanted a smart skipper for the quarter deck. He axed me some questions, Lorrington did"—here the captain faced his companion and winked knowingly—"the same being questions about my character. To be plain, he wanted a man who couldn't be recommended for honesty. Could not, ye understand. References for honorableness would have lost me the job, but, love ye, I hadn't got none. See?"

Rockett laughed with hoarse merriment, and Richard compelled himself to join. He had learned, before then, that the best way to secure a man's friendship was to laugh at his jokes.

"Well, sir, I said 'Ay, ay!' to his proposition, and then I met the other gent, Professor Todd. A queer gent he is, too. They explained that they an' you, Mr. Volway, was all in the game. They would fit up a vessel, give me command an' send her off on a cruise. And that same has been done, an' you are going to boss the job."

"How much did they explain to you?"

"Not a word. They said you insisted that they should give me no information."

"Ah! Very likely. And you don't know——"

Richard hesitated, at loss how to express himself, but the captain helped him out.

"Neither I nor any other sailor man on board knows why we're off on this v'yge!"

"Then how have you known where to steer for?"

"Oh! the first part of the v'yge was mapped out. Run the brig for Long Wolf Island, said your partners, and then start all over again."

"With orders from——"

"You, sir!"

"Capital!" commented Richard grimly.

"I makes no doubt we shall get on famous, sir."

"Are we laden now?"

"Not a bale in the hold. We're in ballast. But I reckon the ballast—it's mostly shingle in bags—will be pitched out afore we finally head her for home."

"How long are we fitted out for?"

"We have sea biscuit, salt horse an' the like for three months, an' fresh water for four weeks. We can eat hearty an' broach a cask whenever we get thirsty. Fitted out? Why, sir, I can well say prime. Then there's the weapons. You must expect stiff fighting."

"What do you think?"

"I think we fairly revel in pistols, pikes and cuttlasses, an' the powder an' shot would do for a man-o'war. To be frank, boss, it's piracy, ain't it? Excuse me if I'm over-bluff, but that's my way. Yes, an' as for being a pirate, I don't care a rap. Pay me my figger an' I'll steal, assault or——"

The red-headed man ended by drawing his finger across his throat.

"I see you are a reliable man," replied Richard.

"I'm a practical seaman, sir. That's why I look so cross-eyed at the clock."

Richard had heard a peculiar remark for the second time. It puzzled him, and, risky as it seemed to ask too many questions, he ventured to seek for enlightenment.

"What clock?"

Rockett looked sharply at him.

"Do you need to ask?"

"Captain, if your head was an ocean pond, with sharks playing tag in it, like mine is, you wouldn't wonder. I'm still bewildered."

"Natural! I forgot that you've laid two days unconscious. Well, you see that scientific gent, your partner, Professor Todd, he put a queer little box in my cabin which ticks away like a real clock. Inside of it is the latitude an' longitude we are to steer for when we leave Long Wolf Island. Not even you can know that until the clock opens, and it won't open until six days from the time we left Mobile. It's a freak box, or clock, made by that professor gent, ye see. Freak machinery runs it, and nobody can open it, but when time is up it will open of its own accord. Then we shall be all right. But think of that ere clock guidin' the movements of an old sea dog like me!"

Rockett had become suddenly voluble. Richard could not have hoped for so full an explanation, but the skipper's disgust made him forget that his companion was supposed to know more about the clock than he did. He ground out his vexation in surly disapproval.

"All very queer," agreed the passenger.

"Is that Professor Todd sane?"

"As far as I know, yes."

"Well, darn his clock!"

"It will soon be over."

"Correct! What's the odds, anyhow? If we sea dogs get our pay, why should we care? Excuse me for grumblin', sir. Well, your head is clearing, and so you should take an interest in the vessel. Jest look about ye, sir."

Richard obeyed. He was enough of a salt-water man to know something about deep-sea ships, and he took the suggested survey.

The Red Rover had no reason to hide her fair head on account of her looks. She was of long, sharp build, with rakish masts and a general appearance of trimness both in build and care. Speed was assured by her lines, and she had a saucy way of riding the waves that was impressive. Captain Rockett was a rough sea cruiser, but he evidently believed in neatness. The decks were clean, and all things orderly. Plainly, it was a smart vessel with a smart skipper and crew.

The first dog watch was drawing toward an end and all hands were on deck. Only the man at the wheel had work to do, and, with the forecastle hands yarning and joking in full view, Richard had chance to look them over well. They were, as he afterwards learned, eight in number, four to each watch. After what had occurred Daniel Grief was a conspicuous person among them, and his honest face looked good to the passenger, but there was none other to match it.

Seven of the hands seemed like old-time pirates, and they gave Richard the creeps as he surveyed them. Able seamen was written large over each man, but able knave was equally prominent.

In the door of the galley stood a good-looking colored man, evidently the cook, and his neat, semi-foppish garments displayed his trim form with the immaculate culinary articles behind him for a background.

Eldad Sawlton, the mate, was a tall, dark, spare-fleshed man with Indian-like hair, a drooping mustache and long eyebrows. The eyes themselves were deep-sunken and cunning, and, on the whole, he was the least prepossessing man on board.

This was the brig Red Rover and her crew.

Rockett saw that his companion was pleased, in a way, and his own face brightened. Rogue that he was, he was all sailor, and he delighted in the swift-moving craft of which he was master.

He talked volubly about the Red Rover for a while, and then suddenly said:

"Well, sir, it's time for my supper. Will ye go below with me? If your head has cleared, ye may be able to eat."

Richard cast a look astern. Mobile was there, and he longed to go home, but the impression was strong within him that if he valued his life it would be well to make no demands for a turning about of the ship, and to let his actual self go by the board.

Better to live as this mysterious Mr. Volway than to be murdered as Richard Dalton.

Reaching the cabin they found a colored woman setting the table, but Rockett took his passenger to the captain's stateroom. Closing the door, he abruptly remarked:

"There's the clock!"

It was attached to the wall by a hook, much like an ordinary timepiece. It was a brass box some twelve inches square, of the "open-face" style. Back of a glass that was two inches in diameter was a cardboard with figures in regular order, the last being a six, and a hand was pointing just as a clock-hand points.

"There she be!" quoth Rockett, with a chuckle. "Ever see such a contraption as that? Reelin' off the days to mark the sixth, at which time we are supposed to be at Long Wolf Island. Then the machinery opens her, and we gets our latitude and longitude. Not afore!"

Richard was looking hard.

"Could a designing person break it open?"

"Lift her a bit!"

The passenger raised the clock a trifle from the hook, and then the old sea dog fell to chuckling again.

"Break her open, did ye say? It would take gunpowder a-plenty to do that. Some hefty, ain't she? Well, I reckon! Eight or ten inches of solid metal, I guess it. No, sir, she couldn't easy be broken open!"

"Well, we don't wish to do it."

"No, sir. We just sails quiet and easy to Long Wolf Island, and when the clock opens we get information where to go next. Say," and the captain lowered his voice, "ain't that Professor Todd crazy?"

"I never saw any signs of it," said Richard truthfully.

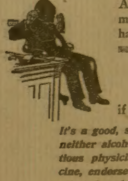
"But why should a man o' mature years make sech a boy's toy as that?"

"He had his reasons."

"I reckon! Anyhow, what do I care? Do I draw my pay? I do, and I've already got part of it. Do I understand that even you, sir, don't know where we go from Long Wolf Island until the clock opens?"

"I really don't know."

People Will Talk You Know



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THE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL ADVISER

"But ye do know what the nature o' the work is we do after that?"

"Would I be here if I didn't?" asked Richard non-committally.

"Fact, by Neptune! Excuse me for talkin' so much. My jaw is naturally limber. Well, sir, let's go out and eat."

They turned away from the wonderful clock and passed out of the room. As they re-entered the cabin Richard had a greater surprise. A person he had not before seen was sitting in a chair.

And that person was a beautiful young woman.

CHAPTER III.

IN SQUALL AND COLLISION.

Richard was astonished. There were things on board the Red Rover that were out of the ordinary, and some of them were very surprising, but he was wholly unprepared for what he now saw. He stopped short and bestowed an unqualified stare upon the young woman.

She, however, was regarding him with composure, and Captain Rockett came into the scene with a matter-of-fact introduction.

"Mr. Volway," he said, "this here is Miss Ziol Jennison."

The lady rose, smiled and bowed slightly.

"Pleased to see you, Mr. Volway," she remarked. "You have heretofore been a stranger to us. I trust that when you came into the cabin, illness flew out of the window."

It was well enough said, but Richard was not impressed with the belief that she cared very much whether he was well or ill. There was no warmth in her smile or tone, and her expression did not ring true. As for himself, he was not so much staggered by seeing a woman, but that he craved a new volume of explanation, yet it occurred to him that too much ignorance might send him to feed the sharks.

Miss Ziol Jennison had a very intelligent face. She might be less ready to accept him as a person with a temporarily unbalanced mind than Captain Rockett. Being interested in playing the part of a live man, Richard suddenly resolved to accept Ziol as something as much to be expected as the ship's compass.

"Thank you for your good wishes," he replied serenely, "and I only wish I could say ay, ay, to everything. My body is doing well for a land substance, but my head is chaos. Still, it clears a bit, and I expect soon to be myself."

"You must have drank a good deal, sir," said Miss Jennison sweetly.

Richard flushed. Not being a man given to intoxication he did not like her remark, but he dared not resent it.

"Boys will be boys," he responded, as buoyantly as possible.

"Why, sure!" put in the skipper growlingly. "A man who won't drink his'n ain't worth shucks. Then what's a headache? It wears off."

"I suppose," pursued the young lady, looking at Richard meditatively, "that the sole object of over-drink is to acquire the headache. Am I right?"

Poor Richard! His reputation was being torn to shreds. Yet, he rallied again and tried to put the blame where it belonged.

"The Volways are a full-blooded race," he said proudly.

"Full?" repeated Miss Ziol. "I think I did not catch your remark in its entirety. Oh! full-blooded—yes, no doubt."

Captain Gord Rockett laughed boisterously.

"That's one on you, boss. What's the odds? Men is men. Well, all set by for supper."

Richard took his place with outward serenity. It did not mitigate the exasperation of his position on board the Red Rover that a handsome young woman was opposite him at the table. She had started off by favoring him with sarcasm, and this did not lead him to look forward to bright days in her company.

Presently a colored woman appeared, ready to serve the trio as they ate. Later, he learned that her name was Pansy, and that she was the wife of Golfo, the cook. Pansy was the best-tempered person in the brig, and mistress of her calling. As stewardess, she ranked high.

Conversation was brisk during the meal, Miss Ziol being the chief speaker. She was fairly gracious to Rockett, and brought forth chuckles from him that were bear-like in their nature; but Richard was not so highly favored. Smiling, the lady rallied him in a way that was outwardly polite, but there was always a thorn in her remarks.

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She was determined to place him as a victim of strong drink, and he dared not repudiate the intimation.

The unwilling passenger was able to eat but little, though he did his best. Glad to see the supper end, he followed Rockett up the companionway.

"The gal is a clipper ship!" remarked the skipper.

"Sharp built!" suggested Richard.

"Just so, by mighty! She does carry a quick tongue. Still, as you placed her on shipboard I've no business to kick."

"Humph! Do you think I did well to place her here?"

"Well, boss, it's like this: I don't believe in women afloat—ships seem to me no place for them. This one is connected with our little enterprise, though. Says she was John Lorrington's clerk, and goes along to act her part in the game."

"What is her part?" asked Richard bluntly.

"Don't you know? I'm sure I don't. Tried to get it out o' her, but them red lips won't let much get through them. Seems to me you an' your partners ain't just equal undertakers o' the venture; you don't seem to know things very well. Still, your head is bad. The gal said she had never seen you until she came aboard. Lorrington put her here. Say, be frank, what's that gal's part in our game?"

The red-whiskered captain turned abruptly upon his passenger. He was willing to sail under sealed orders if there was money back of it, but he could not look with favor on a woman who had part. There was something like anxiety in his manner.

"Really, Captain," Richard replied, "I can't tell you—not just now—why she is here," and he spoke the truth.

"Well, well, you're boss, not me."

Rockett walked to the weather rail and scanned the sky critically.

"I don't like that look!" he said candidly. "She has a greasy cast."

He sent a glance aloft.

"Eldad Sawiton has got all ship-shape, an' it's well he has," he added. "We may have a squall afore mornin'—yes, and afore midnight."

Richard was not a judge of weather at sea, but he noted certain peculiarities of the sky that impressed him. He did not feel especially interested in winds and waves, so he turned his regard upon the crew.

Daniel Grief was by the scuttle-butt, but most of the men were grouped around the windlass. They reminded him of homeless dogs that had been in so many fights that battle-scars showed in profusion. Add that these artificial marks were on faces fit for pirates, and it will be seen that Richard did not consider his fellow voyagers to his taste.

He could believe that Daniel Grief spoke the truth when he said they were a hard lot.

Richard made no further remonstrances against being called "Mr. Volway." He dared not. Fate had placed him where he was, and he must make the cruise and accept what came. Better that than to be butchered by the red-whiskered skipper and his scarred foremast hands.

After a time Ziol joined them on the quarter deck and there was a general conversation. It did not interest Richard greatly, but the girl was bright, half-saucy and full of ideas, and he did not fail to listen when she talked.

In the meanwhile, the Red Rover was giving a good account of herself. The wind was on the starboard quarter, and the brig was going before it with as much canvas as the captain dared carry with that threatening look in the heavens. Rugged old sailor that Rockett was he was prudent, and not inclined to lose a mast or even a sail, in a sudden squall.

Richard found that he was not yet in trim for continued stay on his feet, and soon after night settled fully, he went below, going at once to his stateroom.

It was a place fit for the owner or lessee of the vessel, and there was no lack of comfort, but he gave scant heed to these things. His head was beginning to swim, and his chief ambition was to get into his berth.

He accomplished this purpose and then lay studying the situation.

Fate had him in its grasp. He was no longer Richard Dalton, but a mysterious Mr. Volway. How he had come on board the Red Rover, he did not know, but it was certain that he had been drugged and kidnaped. But why? It seemed that the plans of his abductors had been jeopardized, if not ruined, by taking him.

Then, why was he there?

Again, what was the work ahead of the brig and her crew? Rockett had plainly said that he was not hired by John Lorrington until questioning had developed the fact that the skipper was not burdened with a conscience, and he had given his own opinion of what was ahead.

If Rockett was right, Richard was now the associate of men about to do piracy.

"Hardly agreeable for a man who has always tried to keep within the limits of the law," mused Richard, "but a live pirate has advantages over a dead martyr!"

Having arrived at this conclusion he tried to compose himself for sleep, but, with his thoughts turned from business affairs, he suddenly became aware that matters were changing outside.

Quick, heavy tramping sounded on deck, orders were shouted in a loud voice, and the brig was no longer riding evenly. She pitched and rolled, and it was clear that the squall foreseen by the astute captain was hard aboard. The passenger could hear the wind in turbulent assault, and the water rushed past the keel as if under a lash.

All this was preliminary, for, presently, the ship heeled far to leeward and, to the landsman, seemed to be turning turtle. He leaped from his berth, lurched against the door of the stateroom, and then made shift to get his balance.

The squall had struck the Red Rover on her port side, but she was not the sort to go to wreck with the first puff of wind. She rose buoyantly, and a moment later, the change in her motion made it clear, even to the semi-novice at sea, that she was scudding before the blast.

Richard hastened to dress again. He did not feel like going on deck, but rather like being in shape for wreck, if wreck came. Dressed, he considered what to do next. He had a feeling that matters would be far more pleasant for him if he were in the cabin, but dreaded to go there lest he encounter the charming face and sharp tongue of Miss Ziol.

The face would have been welcome, but not the probable charge of timidity. "Ziol" did not mean sweetness.

He squatted unromantically on the edge of the berth and, holding fast, waited for what was to come. Matters had grown more quiet above. He could imagine that, after a hard struggle with sails, halliards and garnets, the crew had clothed the brig for a run, and the run was surely on. She was going bird-like, with straining cordage and creaking yards, but there was less slatting of sails than he expected.

He began to feel both confidence and admiration in Captain Rockett.

Presently there was a knock at his door. It was a timid knock, and he suspected that feminine knuckles had produced it. First, smiling grimly and then composing his face, he opened the door. The wildly-swinging lamp gave enough light to show Ziol, but not enough to show the panic he expected. Instead, she was outwardly calm.

"Are you," she asked composedly, "ready to drown?"

"Not noticeably," Richard answered, trying to be brave.

"How about making your will?"

"My will is not law here."

"To be serious, we are in a gale."

"Only a squall, I think."

"Anyhow, it is a time when a clear conscience is a good thing to have."

"I find it so."

"Has your conscience changed tack?"

"It remains where it was, and always was—clear as Jack Tar's drink in the scuttle-butt."

"Not very definite. Mr. Volway, I am a landsman, and my opinion carries no weight, but I am wondering how long we can keep afloat."

"There isn't a particle of danger——"

"Danger I care nothing about, but I would like just five minutes warning before I drown. Too much haste in such matters is unseemly."

Richard smiled again, and this time openly. He knew he had before him a girl who, naturally brave, was now greatly worried by perils she little understood, and who was trying to show a calm front when she wanted to act the coward.

"You'll do!" he remarked approvingly.

"I shall try to, but I am no sailor. May I ask what the situation is? This gale——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Richard, glad to show his nautical lore, "but this is a squall. Being that, we shall soon see the last of it. It will soon blow itself out. All we have to do is to keep her before the wind, and the brig will give due account of herself."

"But the motion, the rush of water, the straining, the up and down of it! Why, we seem to be standing first on one end and then on the other. And I'm sure the water is running all over us!"

"She is probably dipping her knight-heads, but she rises lightly. I am an indifferent sailor, but I know it's nothing to have the decks awash. That happens often at sea."

Richard felt that he was gaining something with Miss Ziol, and, as she clung fast to the side of the door, in order to keep her balance, he was not disinclined to act the comforter. He braced himself mentally for a fresh effort, but, just then, their attention was turned in another direction.

High above the howling of the wind rose a shout on deck that was weird and discordant, and the trampling of feet was renewed. Then, something else happened.

There was a loud crash, a rending, splintering sound, and the brig heeled to windward with violence that dashed both passengers violently against the woodwork. And then, amidst a furious pounding of the sea and shrill cries, the ocean seemed to be emptying itself into the vessel.

"By my life!" cried Richard, "we have run into another ship!"

This strange and extraordinary story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Thrilling things happen. Read it. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. With every month we will try to give you a better and more entertaining paper, so, if you are not already a subscriber, you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

Mrs. Gummey's Indignation.

One Sunday recently a man named Barclay, living in Wilmington, was over in our town, and he went in the morning to attend the Presbyterian church. Mr. Barclay has a nervous affection of his right eyelid, which causes it to droop down over his eye and to twitch with a convulsive motion. He sat in one of the side pews, with the indisposed eye toward old Mrs. Gummey, a widow lady of irascible temper and demonstrative disposition. During the sermon, while Barclay's afflicted eye was twitching away in a most furious manner, Mrs. Gummey happened to look at him. She instantly formed the opinion that the impudent man in the side pew was making a demonstration with his eye for her benefit—possibly to express a suddenly conceived admiration for her. As Mr. Barclay continued her anger increased, until, at last, after frowning at him and glaring at him through her spectacles, she could contain herself no longer, and she clenched her fist and shook it at him threateningly. Then Barclay winked at her more rapidly, and she shook her fist in a more decidedly hostile manner.

Barclay apparently treated her menace with contempt. Mrs. Gummey fairly boiled over with rage; and as Barclay kept on winking, she seized her umbrella, and standing up in the pew, brandished it toward him in a manner which indicated her intention to move on the enemy's works at the first favorable opportunity.

Barclay couldn't imagine what that absurd old woman meant, and as her extraordinary conduct apparently directed the attention of the entire congregation to him, he became more nervous than ever, and his dilapidated eye began to run off fifty or sixty winks a minute.

Pretty soon the sermon closed, and during the final prayer persons in the vicinity saw Mrs. Gummey safely adjust her bonnet, take off her gloves, and grasp her umbrella firmly in her hand. As soon as the religious exercises ended, Mrs. Gummey emerged from her pew door in war's magnificently stern array, and with a thirst for vengeance filling her soul.

Barclay had just gotten out into the isle when she reached him. Seizing him by the collar, she uplifted her umbrella and smote him vigorously therewith several times, accompanying her actions with such remarks as these:

"I'll teach you to wink at me, you poor, miserable wagabone! Interruptin' the service by insultin' a lone widder woman like me! I'll kemmence to hammer you with this umberell! Take that, and that, and that, you wile, indecent willain, and after this you keep your eyes to yourself instead of winkin' them at widders who's tryin' to listen to sermons, and who don't want no impudence from any low truck settin' in side pews, with bald heads and no sense!"

Mrs. Gummey laid on with vigor until Barclay, recovering from his astonishment, grasped her umbrella and handed her over to the sexton, who began to run her toward the door. She fought every inch of the ground, and once, when she succeeded in breaking loose, she started back on the run for Barclay. But they got her out at last, and as she was pushed through the door, she looked back, and giving the umbrella one final flourish, she shouted to Barclay:

"You come here ag'in and wink at me, you disgustin' wagabone, and I'll call the p'leece and put you where you can't give impudence to your betters; now mind me, you wile libertine, you!"

Then she went home; and Barclay, with his crippled eye winking like fury, told the sexton that hereafter when he came to church he would like to take a back seat.

Her Small Boy.

A fond mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety received the following reassuring letter: "I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothing for a good long while. The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home, and she cried all the time. A hoss kicked me over and I got to have some money to pay the doctor for mending my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire tonight, and I am not your son if we don't have some real fun. I lost my watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tamed crow, if I can get 'em in my trunk."

PUZZLE SOLVED

Coffee at Bottom of Trouble.

It takes some people a long time to find out that coffee is hurting them.

But when once the fact is clear, most people try to keep away from the thing which is followed by ever increasing detriment to the heart, stomach and nerves.

"Until two years ago I was a heavy coffee drinker," writes an Ill. stockman, "and had been all my life. I am now 56 years old.

"About three years ago I began to have nervous spells and could not sleep nights, was bothered with indigestion, bloating and gas on stomach affected my heart.

"I spent lots of money doctoring—one doctor told me I had chronic catarrh of the stomach; another that I had heart disease and was liable to die at any time. They all dieted me until I was nearly starved but I seemed to get worse instead of better.

"Having heard of the good Postum had done for nervous people, I discarded coffee altogether and began to use Postum regularly. I soon got better and now, after nearly two years, I can truthfully say I am sound and well.

"I sleep well at nights, do not have the nervous spells and am not bothered with indigestion or palpitation. I weigh 32 pounds more than when I began Postum, and am better every way than I ever was while drinking coffee. I can't say too much in praise of Postum, as I am sure it saved my life." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Small Foothold.

The moving-picture lecturer mounted the platform and waved his megaphone.

"And now ladies and gentlemen," he announced in stentorian tones, "you see the dark, angry waves surging higher and higher. Even the small pinnacle that the beautiful heroine was standing on has been swept away. Now——"

"Hold on, Bill!" whispered the assistant. "De goil can't stand on nothing. What is she standing on anyway?"

For a moment the smooth-tongued lecturer was nonplussed. Then quickly recovering his composure he continued:

"Ah, yes, ladies and gentlemen, the beautiful heroine is now standing on her dignity."

The Clairvoyant's Dream;

Or, The Battle at Jernigan's Mill

By Colonel Alexander McLane

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Begun in No. 44, October 31. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

SATURDAY morning I unpacked my artillery and got things in shape for the battle.

With the two new rifles I had bought at Little Rock, we had four Winchesters, three revolvers and a double-barreled shotgun, which Jernigan always kept in the mill.

As we had enough ammunition to withstand a siege, we were prepared to put up a good defense.

The worst thing we had to fear, was fire.

If our enemies meant to burn the mill and the house, as Mrs. Jernigan had so strangely dreamed, we would be caught like rats in a trap, if we once allowed them to apply the torch to the wooden buildings.

If we tried to escape from the burning structures, they could lie hidden in the safety of the woods and shoot us down at their pleasure.

But fire is a good friend, as well as a bad enemy.

Before the day of the battle arrived, I had evolved an ingenious scheme to turn the tables on the desperate gang that threatened us. I will explain this later.

At present, I must tell you about an adventure I had in the woods on Sunday.

We had a busy Saturday at the store and the mill, and that evening Ike went home to stay until Monday morning.

There was something shifty about Ike's eyes which I did not like, but Jernigan, who had known the young man for years, declared he was perfectly trustworthy.

I could not dispute experience with mere suspicion, but I determined if it ever came to the pinch of danger I would keep one eye on Ike to prevent possible treachery. And I was careful not to divulge any of the plans of defense I made, within the fellow's hearing.

The poor young woman whose husband had been so cruelly murdered, was still in the grasp of delirium, and the daughter of one of the neighbors was at the house helping Mrs. Jernigan to nurse the sick one.

On Sunday morning, at the breakfast table, I told the story of the fresh drummer and the pretty girl on the train up from Little Rock.

Of course I did not tell them it was myself who had punished the fresh drummer. I merely said it was "one of the passengers" that had given the impudent little cad a kicking.

Mrs. Jernigan and the nurse were much interested in this story, as I had expected them to be.

Then, with the craft of a lover, I began fishing for the information I wanted.

"Maybe you know the young woman?" I said. "She was slender, she had soft brown eyes and brown hair with a glint of red in it. She was beautiful."

"One would think you were in love with her," laughed Mrs. Jernigan.

"I am," I replied lightly, but I know the color mounted to my face. "The reason I thought you might know her, is that she left the train at the first station south of Cedar Springs."

"Oh, I'll bet you anything that was Millie Bliss," cried the nurse.

"It does sound like a description of Millie Bliss," agreed Mrs. Jernigan. "But what would she be doing on the train from Little Rock? She hasn't been away, that I have heard of."

"Her sister lives in Little Rock, you know, and she goes down there every spring on a visit. She's going to teach the Sycamore school this summer, and that begins tomorrow. She'll be boarding at Sanders', like enough—she boarded there last year."

"I guess maybe it was her," agreed Mrs. Jernigan. "She has red hair—some folks call is auburn—and she is pretty, nobody can deny that."

"They have preaching at the Sycamore schoolhouse this morning," said the nurse, looking at me rougishly. "If you want to see her you had better go down there."

"Oh, they say she's going to marry Tom Price when her school work is over, so Mr. Little has no chance anyway," remarked Mrs. Jernigan. But her face darkened as she added, "I don't see what she wants to marry into that family of desperadoes for. Price is a handsome dare-devil young fellow, and he might catch a girl's fancy, but he'll probably get killed or land in the penitentiary before he settles down. I'd hate to be his wife."

I noticed that Jernigan's face also darkened at the mention of Tom Price, and I guessed at once that he was one of our enemies.

If he was a worthless man and was trying to marry the wild rose girl, he was my enemy, at all events.

"How far away is the Sycamore school?" I asked.

"It's four miles down the river."

"I believe I will go down there, and get acquainted with some of the neighbors," I remarked carelessly.

I saw that Jernigan was about to protest at first, but after a moment's thought he said:

"That might be a good plan. I'd go with you, only I've got something to do about the house today. I want ma to have a chance to rest. I can see that she is pretty near tuckered out. Then, too, you can find out if the coroner's jury, yesterday, identified the dead man we found in the road."

"How is the best way to go?"

"Right down the river road," said Jernigan. "Will you drive the buggy or ride one of the horses?"

"If it's only four miles, I believe I'd sooner walk," I replied, and having carefully inquired the way, I set out down the river road.

It was a beautiful spring day. The elms and oaks and sycamores in the bottom shaded the roadway and made the walking pleasant.

My thoughts were full of my new environments and the new life I was entering upon.

But mostly I thought of the wild rose girl, of her great beauty and charm, and of the look in her lovely eyes when she had called me her knight.

Her knight! I would be that until the end of my days, I swore, and if this unknown Tom Price should be a rival for her hand, then let him look out.

Perhaps I had walked two miles and a half or three miles, without seeing a house or a human being. Most of the farmers built their houses on the hills, the river valley being too narrow and crooked to be worth farming.

The road itself was little more than a path, and was grass-grown between the prints of the wagon wheels on either side.

The schoolhouse, they had told me, was on a bench to the left of the river, and I was looking for a road which led up the hill—the first road to the left, they had told me.

I came to an opening on the left, and a little trail which one could hardly dignify by the name of "road." Yet, I saw that one or two wagons had recently passed that way, and I decided it must be the road meant.

Striking up the hill to the left, I went a quarter of a mile, perhaps, when the road suddenly ended.

Two or three freshly-cut walnut stumps showed me that I had come on a logger's road, and the trees had evidently been hauled down the river, either to some saw mill, or to be rafted down the stream.

I was about to retrace my steps when I noticed a little well-beaten footpath along the bench in the direction of the schoolhouse.

"This must be a short cut for the children who go to school," I thought, and determined to go that way.

As I already had lost some time, I set down the little path, walking rapidly.

The way wound in and out among the trees, and as I looked ahead I caught the glimpse of a white dress. The wearer was walking slowly, apparently along the same path. There was something about her, noticeable even in the brief glimpse I had between the trees, which reminded me of the wild rose girl whom I had met upon the train.

With bounding pulses I hurried on, determined to overtake her.

Now and then, as I drew nearer, I could see that the girl in the white dress was young and slender, and the belief that she was the girl I sought, grew upon me.

At last I caught up with her, and she turned at the sound of my footsteps and looked back.

It was the wild rose girl, more beautiful than ever.

There was a startled look of recognition in her eyes, and my heart told me that she was glad to see me.

She paled a little and then rosy blushes swept over her face as I lifted my hat and spoke to her.

"Is it Miss Millie Bliss?" I asked.

"Yes," she said wonderingly. But she did not seem angry, and she paused to wait for me.

"You are going to Sycamore schoolhouse to church, no doubt?" I said. "I had started there, myself, but I lost my way. I am bound to say it was a lucky accident, since it has thrown us together."

I was amazed at my own boldness, but I thought once that I had lost her because I was too slow to speak, and I determined not to make a like mistake again.

"I never expected to see you again," she said shyly.

"I hope you are not sorry," I said.

"No, why should I be?"

"You see, we are neighbors," I went on. "And if you'll permit me to introduce myself I'll tell you that I am Richard Little, and that I am a partner in Jernigan's store and mill up the river. Richard Little I am, and wholly at your service. Your name I already know."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Little," she said, giving me a smile and a gay little bow.

"Won't you shake hands?" I asked. "I never feel like I have been properly introduced unless I shake hands."

She gave me her little white hand and I stood holding it in my own for a moment longer than was strictly necessary.

"I want you to know, Miss Bliss," I said seriously, "that it is the happiest moment of my life up to this time, to have the honor of knowing you, and the hope that you will permit me to be your friend."

"I feel like I have not properly thanked you for what you did day before yesterday on the train," she murmured, blushing most divinely. And then she suddenly seemed to remember the hand that I was holding, and snatched it away.

"We will be late for church," she said, "let us hurry on."

"Since I am a perfect stranger in the neighborhood, will you not be my guide?" I asked. "Let me accompany you to church, Miss Bliss."

"No, no, you must not," she cried quickly.

"Oh, pardon my presumption," I said coldly.

She looked up and saw the proud, hurt expression which I made no effort to conceal, and her eyes filled with tears.

"You do not understand, Mr. Little," she said coaxingly. "There is—it would not be safe for you—oh, I can't explain——"

She paused and looked at me in distress.

"Maybe I do know," I declared. "Is it Tom Price?"

"How did you know about him?" she asked in amazement.

"Tell me—are you engaged to him?"

"No, not engaged," she said. "But he thinks—he believes——"

"No matter what he believes," I said. "Since you are not engaged to him I have the right to escort you to church, and I will, with your permission."

"It is the danger to you that I was thinking of," she explained. "I know you are not afraid of anything, after what you did there on the train. But Tom is a violent fellow. He has a good heart, but——"

"Well, he might as well find out today, as later, that we are going to be friends," I said firmly. "Since you have no personal objections to me and are not enagaged to him, let's go on to church like any other free-born man and girl, and Tom may do as he likes."

As she still hesitated, I stepped up beside her and took her hand and tucked it under my arm.

"Come on," I said gaily. "We're not going to be scared, are we?"

"I'm scared half to death," she said, catching her breath. "But I know you can hold your own, even against Tom. All the rest of the boys in the neighborhood are afraid of him. There will be a row, I'm sure, and maybe a fight. But we might as well have it out with Tom one time as another. I made up my mind while I was in Little Rock that I never would marry him, or become engaged to him. So let us go to church together. You may be my knight once again."

"Your knight always, as long as I live, and after I die," I cried, and my hand slipped around her waist and I drew her unresisting form toward me.

"I love you, Millie," I whispered. "I have only known you a little while, but I couldn't learn to love you more in a whole lifetime."

"Don't, please don't," she whispered, and I could feel her slight form tremble as she rested against my breast.

I kissed her on the brow, and placed my hand on her head.

"I claim you, Millie, because Heaven made you for me. I want you to know that, and to get used to the thought that you are mine. Oh, how I love you!"

I released her then, and we walked along the path together. I clasped her hand and she did not try to draw it away.

She was pale and still trembled a little, but my heart was jubilant. I felt ready to combat giants for the sake of this little girl. What did I care for Tom Price?

CHAPTER VIII.

The services were just beginning as we entered the Sycamore schoolhouse.

To my disappointment, but perhaps to the relief of the wild rose girl, the seats were nearly all taken, and as there was no usher to procure us places together, we were obliged to separate.

Miss Bliss found a place on the end of a bench by the side of another woman, while an old man with long whiskers, across the aisle, crowded over to make room for me beside him.

I looked around at the people and loved them every one, because my heart was full of love just then.

I had forgotten Tom Price, but when I saw a gigantic young man near me, I knew him instantly as my rival and my enemy.

Tom's eyes were blazing with wrath. He had seen me come in with Millie Bliss, and he looked ready to come over and assault me where I sat.

I pretended not to know nor understand the threat which showed so plainly in his countenance.

But all during the services I was conscious that his eyes strayed from the girl to myself. I knew that he was angry and puzzled, and that he was trying to figure out who I was and how I happened to come there with the girl he claimed.

When the services were finished the preacher came down into the aisle and made directly for me, as being the only stranger present. He shook hands with me and welcomed me "into their midst."

I told him my name and he introduced me to a number of the men around us. All greeted me cordially, and after a little I moved over to the side of Millie Bliss. She introduced me to the little group of friends that surrounded her.

She chatted gaily, and had a pleasant word for all the children that crowded around her to greet "teacher." But I could see that she was distressed, and as I glanced around the room I saw the reason.

Tom Price was standing moodily at the door, and many of the others were staring at him, or glancing from him to myself.

There was trouble brewing.

I looked at Tom's magnificent six feet of manhood and could not help but admire him. If he was as brave as he was strong, he was not an enemy to despise.

But I was neither a coward nor a weakling, and if the angry Tom was determined to force the issue, I was ready to have it out with him.

In a fair fist-fight I thought I could hold my own, and if he wanted to make a gun play I was ready for that. My Texas pistol rested under the tail of my Prince Albert coat, and I knew it was a reliable gun.

Tom would have to be like a lightning flash if he could draw and fire quicker than I could myself.

As we passed out through the door I saw that we were followed by a curious and breathless little crowd, among them being the preacher and several men.

"You know I am going home with you," I whispered.

Millie nodded.

"Be careful," was all she said.

As we left the door, Tom Price stepped up on the other side of the girl.

"May I have the pleasure of seeing you home, Millie?" he asked.

"I have company, Tom," she said. "Let me introduce you to our new neighbor. Mr. Little, this is Mr. Price."

I pretended not to know what was in the air.

I greeted Tom Price cordially and held out my hand.

He thrust his arm behind him.

"When you get my hand it will be on your jaw, you d——d scoundrel," he cried, and his threatening tones drew everybody's attention. There was a moment of perfect silence, and I felt Millie's hand clutching my arm.

"As I never saw you before I don't understand the reason of your anger, Mr. Price," I said coolly. "However, I am just as ready to exchange blows as handshakes with you, if you insist upon it."

"Come, gentlemen, this is Sunday, and we have just left the house of God," said the

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Uncle William's Letter

Dear Friends—Last week I promised to write you again, so here goes. Yes, I "promised," which makes me think that is not a bad subject for a short sermon.

PROMISES.

Copyright by Wm. C. Hunter.

A business man may be rated as worth a million, but if he breaks his promises regarding payments or fulfillments of contracts, he will find later on those who deal with him will insist upon cash transactions.

Keeping promises is the basis of credit. Let it be said of you that you always keep your promises; that you have never been known to break your word, and you will need little persuasion to get the credit man's O. K.

If you purchase for cash right along, some day you can ask for and will receive a small credit, if you promise to make your payments on a certain date. If you keep your promise you can repeat the operation. Later on you will be given larger credit, because you have been keeping your promises. You can increase your credit step by step to amazing proportions if your promises are always kept.

The business world places much confidence in promises. The note in the bank is a written evidence of the promise. The note says on the face of it "I promise to pay." The Government of the United States issues banknotes on the face of which is a promise.

When you make promises as regards dates, jot down the promise in your memorandum book. Whatever you do, keep that promise. The man who breaks his promise in little things will break them in greater ones.

When you make a promise to meet a man it is just the same as promising to pay a man money. In either instance you are in the man's debt, and the obligation is not cancelled until the debt is paid. In other words, until the promise is fulfilled.

Just so sure as the sun sets, the man who habitually breaks his promise will surely break his business.

I always like to make personal application of any little sermon I may hear or read. So in this case I promise to make the Ledger just as entertaining and valuable to you as I can. In return, if you have promised to remit for the Ledger and have not done so, of course, I will now soon hear from you with the money enclosed. If you are not a subscriber it is a good time to join our ranks. You will surely want a bright, lively story paper to read during this coming winter. Every one says the Ledger cannot be beat, that it is the most entertaining periodical in the United States. This is a fact, so you better subscribe at once. Look out for my letter next week.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

preacher, stepping between us. "We must not be at enmity one with another."

"There's never any time like the present, when it's time to fight," said Tom Price. "Meeting's over, parson, and me and this stranger are going to mix right here."

He pulled off his coat and vest and handed them to a young man who stood near him. Then he rolled up his shirt sleeves, displaying brawny, well-muscled arms, and stood waiting for me.

The preacher turned to me with a sad smile.

"This is a somewhat peculiar welcome you are receiving into our midst, Mr. Little," he said. "But I am helpless."

"I would prefer to fight upon a more suitable occasion," I said softly, "since Mr. Price thinks a fight is necessary."

"You can't get away from me with that excuse," cried Tom. "Come on, you coward! You'll take your licking here and now."

"Then let it be a fair fight, if you are going to fight over my protest," said the preacher.

"We have had for many years a rule that no weapons are to be brought to Sycamore schoolhouse on Sundays," he continued, turning to me. "Tom is not armed."

"I have violated the rule of the school without knowing it," I said. "I want to be a neighbor and a friend and to conform to all the proper local customs."

I took my good Texas gun out of my pocket and handed it to the preacher. Then I took off my coat and vest and gave them also into his custody.

"You are among strangers, Mr. Little," said the man of God, gently, "but be of good cheer. You will have a square deal. I guarantee you that the fight will be fair. I warn you that Tom is the champion of this part of the State, and if he licks you, you will not be in disgrace."

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"I am ready," I said, turning to Tom.

Millie and the preacher stepped back from my side, and Tom's friends fell away from him.

It was a curious scene for the front yard of a meeting house on a Sunday morning—two young men stripped for battle, surrounded by a pale and breathless crowd of brothers and sisters of the church, with the preacher acting as coat holder for one of the contestants.

But, as I learned later, such things had happened before at Sycamore schoolhouse. It was a rough country, but most of the women were good and pure, and most of the men were God-fearing and honest.

The code of honor of the neighborhood demanded that when men had a deep grievance they should fight it out on a fair and square basis.

In Texas, on the plains where I had been, there would have been a shooting scrape under the circumstances.

But here in Arkansas it was to be a good old-fashioned fist-fight.

Perhaps the shooting would come later. When men are fighting over a woman whom both of them love, too often it is a battle to the bitter, dreadful end.

I did not think of these things, then. I only knew that my enemy was before me and that I was going to have the fight of my life.

Tom Price was as strong as a young bull, and if I did not get the best of him I would stand in disgrace before my new neighbors, and worst of all, I should be humiliated before the girl I loved.

I gave her one glance before the battle began.

She was standing alone with her hands clasped. She was as pale as death, but her eyes were shining, and she gave me that look which means undying love—the look that will drive a man gladly to death or to heroic deeds when it comes from the one woman in the world.

Then I took a single step toward Tom Price, and the fight was on.

He rushed at me like a wild bull, but I had no trouble in side stepping him.

As he went past me I landed a good blow on the side of his jaw. It staggered him a little, but he wheeled and came back.

This time he advanced more slowly and cautiously. We sparred for a moment, and then he broke down my guard and we clinched.

I threw one arm around his neck and twisted it backward, at the same moment catching him with my foot in the bend of his right knee.

I expected to force him down by this trick, but he stood there sturdily, as if rooted to the ground. For the first time I realized his enormous strength.

As he tried to wrench himself free I released my hold and threw him suddenly from me. Then, before he could recover I was after him, myself taking the aggressive. He threw up his arm, and I planted a right-arm jolt straight over his heart.

He whirled, and his arm went down, and I struck him on the chin with my left hand.

It was an awful blow, carrying the weight of my body and all the muscular strength of my arm.

He went down before it, but I felt the bones in my left hand give way, and I realized that I had done myself more injury than I had done him.

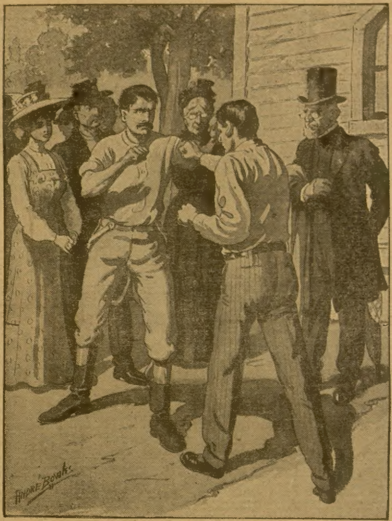
He bounded up from the ground as if he had been made of rubber, and was upon me again with the fury of a tiger. No human being could have withstood this awful rush, and I gave way as much as I could and defended myself with my arms.

He planted one scratch blow on my face, and while this did not hurt me at all, it started the blood to flowing from my nose and I heard a little cry of horror from Millie.

He struck at me again, but I dodged, and his arm passed over my shoulder. Again my arm encircled his neck, and before he could realize what a pickle he was in I brought my right hand into play and hooked it into his unprotected face, time after time.

This was not injuring him seriously, but I knew it would bring the blood and even up the matter so far as appearances were concerned.

Before he could tear himself free I had mashed his nose and closed one of his eyes. Then he dodged back, confused and half-blinded, I swung once more and caught him on the side of the neck, just below the ear.



The fight was on.

It was a fair right-handed blow and he went down again. This time he arose more slowly.

I had the best of the fight that far. I had knocked him down twice, and he was beginning to feel the effects of the punishment.

But my left hand was broken—a thing he did not know. It is an awful handicap for a man in a fist-fight to have one of his hands rendered useless.

We were both glad of the instant's unspoken truce, and for an instant we stood there, breathing heavily and waiting like two game cocks, each waiting for the other to make the first move.

There was a little cry of astonishment from the encircled group of watchers, and above the pounding of my own heart I could hear the clatter of hoofs.

There was a hoarse cry, of "hold, hold," and a horseman rode between us.

It was Jernigan. He was on his sorrel horse, and the beast was covered with lather.

"What does this mean?" he cried.

Nobody answered him for a moment, and then the parson spoke.

"I think the scene shows for itself, Brother Jernigan," he said sadly.

"My wife knew it—she saw it coming," he said in a half whisper.

I realized then, that Mrs. Jernigan had had one of her convenient trances. She had seen the fight, and Jernigan had come to look after me. My heart glowed with warmth toward my new partner.

"This is not your fight, Jernigan," panted Tom Price hoarsely. "You'll get enough to satisfy you before long. Get out of the way. I'm going to kill this stranger."

Jernigan looked at me with an enquiring glance.

"I thank you," I said. "But as you are a true friend, do not interfere with me now. We must fight it out."

"All right," he said. "But by the eternal, Dick Little is my friend and partner, and I'll see that he has a square shakedown."

Then he rode to one side, dismounted from his horse and joined the little circle of watchers. I was glad to see that he stood beside Millie, and that she had clasped his hand.

Some one handed me a handkerchief—a little lace-trimmed and dainty handkerchief. I wiped the blood and perspiration from my face with the delicate thing and handed it back—to Millie.

The look she gave me filled me with fresh confidence. I forgot my broken hand and only knew that my enemy was before me, and that I must win, though I died afterward.

Tom's face had been wiped by a friend who stood by him. Then he turned and glared at me with awful fury. His second stepped back, the little circle widened, and the fight was on again.

This intensely interesting story develops numerous dramatic and thrilling situations as it proceeds. Look out for it next week. If you like the Ledger, and we feel sure you do, we would like to have you send in a subscription and take it regularly. A great many thrilling and unusual stories will appear in it during the coming year. You will find it a weekly treat, hence you had better send in your subscription now. Let us hear from you.

◆

No matter how indulgent a man may be, his wife seems to think it her duty to tell him occasionally that he doesn't treat her right.

A Modern Pearl Farm.

In the Gulf of Lower California there is in operation the largest pearl farm in the world, where the cultivation of pearls has been taken up as a practical industry. To harvest the annual crop of pearls raised on this farm requires the labor of 1,000 people, including the modern pearl divers, whose methods have been completely revolutionized by the up-to-date appliances employed in this new industry. Pearl farming, as originated by the Mexican company which own the big Lower California farm, is the result of the discovery of a very simple fact concerning pearl-bearing mollusks. After twenty-five years of study and experiment it was discovered that the shell loses its gem after it is two years old, and, unless opened at the proper time, there will be no pearl within. Following this discovery the system whereby the shells are cultivated until the proper time and then opened was devised. From the time of planting the eggs to the harvesting of the crop two years must elapse, as that length of time is required for the growth of an ordinary shell.

The eggs, which are gathered with the shells during the season when the eggs are being deposited, are placed in protective cages, in the bottom of which are little artificial channels, made to imitate the bottom of the sea. The utmost care is taken to protect the young mollusks from their natural enemies. When they have arrived at the proper age they are transferred to larger cages, also designed to protect them. During the transferring the stock is carefully inspected and all the "dead" or nonbearing shells are thrown out. The second cages are placed in deeper water and in them the shells are left to develop for two years, when the harvest of pearls is ready to be gathered. The divers descend into the cages with little risk.

On the model Lower California farm it has been demonstrated that it is possible to open gently the valves of the shell with a pair of tweezers to disclose the presence or absence of the pearl and to return the mollusk to the water alive and uninjured. The usual method under the old system in addition to being most uncertain is unnecessarily destructive. In the search for pearls great quantities of shells are pried open, an operation that is certain death to the mollusk within. At the Australian pearl fisheries one gem to the bushel of shells is considered a good catch. Many pearl fisherman crush the shells in their eagerness, thus destroying the value of even the shell. The oriental races open the shells by piling them in the sun to dry and decay.

Building Supplies

"Give me a brief idea about the plot of your new novel," said a busy publisher.

"Well," responded the struggling author, "in the first place the heroine is a brick."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and the hero has plenty of sand."

"H'm!"

"It is then that their hearts are cemented together."

"That's a queer combination."

"And the old man has a marble heart, but plenty of rocks." Then the busy publisher held up his hand.

"Young man," he said solemnly, "I think you had better take that novel down to a building supply house. Perhaps they could use part of it as a trade catalogue."

His Appreciation.

When Patrick McGinnagan became a member of the Chicago police force a delegation of his friends burst in upon him while he was at dinner and presented him with a handsome nightstick in honor of his popularity and their esteem.

Completely bewildered by this unexpected token, the new policeman nevertheless struggled to his feet and stammered his appreciation.

"Frinds, ye have upset me wid y'r kindness," he said, flourishing the nightstick. "Oi'll try an' do my duty wid this little shillaly, an' I hope an' thrust thot ivry mon here'll live t' feel its inflooince."

Danderine

EVERYBODY CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR NOW, and they don't have to wait weeks and months for results either. You will notice marked improvement after the very first application.

Grows Hair and we can PROVE IT!

Danderine is quickly and thoroughly absorbed by the scalp and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities. It is pleasant and easy to use—simply apply it to the scalp and hair once a day until the hair begins to grow, then two or three times a week till desired results are obtained.

A lady from California writes in substance as follows:
I have been using your wonderful hair tonic for several months and at last I am now blessed with a wonderful suit of hair that measures over 48 inches in length; the braid is over 8 inches around.

Another from New Jersey:
After using sixth bottle I am happy to say that I have as nice a head of hair as anyone in New Jersey.

This **Great Hair-Growing Remedy** can now be had at all druggists in three sizes, **25c, 50c and $1.00 per bottle.**

Cut This Out

Free To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and 10c in silver or stamps to pay postage.

NOTICE—Mr. James P. Fletcher, traveling representative of this paper, says: "To say that Danderine surprised me is putting it mildly. It was more of a miracle, the wonderful effect it had on my hair. Almost everywhere in my travels I either hear or see some truly remarkable results from what I consider the greatest hair remedy known."

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1895, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-office or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.60 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

750,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Love is never preserved in family jars.

Poets are born—therefore parents must be to blame.

People with small minds are apt to use some big words.

It's impossible to make a doctor believe that health is wealth.

Thaw finds it much more annoying to be insane than he expected.

Many a woman acquires her reputation for beauty at a drug store.

What's the matter with putting up an umbrella for a rainy day?

There is nothing more uncertain than a woman—except another woman.

There would be a greater demand for common sense if it were fashionable.

When a man is working for wages his wife likes to speak of their income.

Some girls are afraid to go downtown by themselves for fear a man may not try to flirt with them.

When a girl jilts a young man and he refuses to let it spoil his career it is an awful jolt to her pride.

Japan may have called off its projected battleships until it could find out what was doing in the airship line.

Probably there is nothing so insincere as the struggle between two women to see which shall pay the car fare.

Perhaps pretty women marry homely men because of the contrast; it enables them to show off to such good advantage.

It's a gay old world when you are gay and a sad old world when you are sad. It all depends upon the point of view.

Prof. Starr denies that the Filipinos are lazy. If that is the case how does he ever expect them to make good officeholders?

Although the Standard Oil Company may not own a single judge or Senator at the present time, it will have quite a job living down its record.

All the evidence goes to show that ballooning as yet is hardly as safe as walking along a quiet country road from which automobiles have been barred.

Mr. Harriman would like to have Mr. Roosevelt notice that the railroad man's pockets are bulging out a little more than usual, which is but natural, since he has put another railroad system into them.

An alligator was caught in the East river, New York. However, swimming in that stream is comparatively safe as yet, for most of the sharks are content to remain in Wall street, where they find the water in the stocks sufficient for their needs.

Scientific tests prove that Chicago's smoke is three times as thick as London's. Still, we are modest about it, not trying to prove our superiority or putting on airs. We know, as we proceed on our way, whittling a path through the smoke with our jackknives, that London has a fog that does it nicely as a substitute for real smoke.

The Mystery of Shane's Hollow

By IDA M. SHEPLER

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 42, October 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

SUMMING UP THE EVIDENCE.

THE homecoming of Dorothy and her father was not such an event in that day of neighbors, far apart. And yet, their absence must be accounted for. Aunt Lydia managed the estate with all the knowledge and agricultural acumen accorded masculine intellect, but her Puritan trained mind shrank from telling stories of that far German health resort whither David Van Orm supposedly had gone, taking his child with him. Instead, she let Betsey load this deception on her own soul. Betsey rose willingly to the occasion. About this time Betsey took to writing to an old friend across the water. Darrel Copelin, taking advantage of the decrepit postman, scanned one or two of these bulky letters, and by this means was thrown completely off the track of the thinner missive addressed to Mrs. Sarah Ann Sommers, Cleve, Virginia, Dorothy's new address.

Darrel Copelin's arrest was something of a surprise to him, although not to his acquaintances. He really, at heart, could not believe that Peg would give him away. But now that she had, he set himself the task of fixing up a strong case in his own behalf. Trusting to Peg's character to offset her testimony, he would insist that Miser Sims, whose real name was Bartholemew, had left his wife when he left New York to hide Peg away in the loneliness of a log cabin near where he had met his death. But Peg, Granny and Darrel himself, knew that he had done this. A notice in a two-year ago newspaper of one Bartholemew Sims, who, with others, had been lost in a shipwreck, had come to his eye. He had put by the notice on finding that little was known of this man, no friends having come forward asking about him. He would testify that he knew this man to be Peg's missing husband; that he saw David Van Orm strike his brother-in-law; that the man identified and buried as Mathias Freme, was Mathias Freme. As long as Mathias Freme could not otherwise be accounted for, Copelin felt that he held the winning hand in this game, and he did, aided by Zeke.

Maurice and his newly-made relatives realized to the full the serious nature of the case they were entering. In the absence of Uncle Freme himself, lay the danger. He was accounted for by a coroner's verdict, as well as witness proof, and an imposing headstone put up by David Van Orm himself. That Sims was not forthcoming would, quite likely, be given little consideration by the court. That Copelin would resort to strong lying, stronger, now that his life depended on it, was certain. That he had Zeke coached to the last item, and steadfast to his every secret sign to him in court, went without saying.

"Luther Martin may not save you or our name, father," Dorothy sobbed over and over on his shoulder. With steady voice, he soothed her, saying, as he had so often said of late:

"He may and he may not. But whether he does or does not, the truth of the matter must be put to trial. That dead man may or may not have been Sims. Indeed, despite the finding of Maurice, and that bold, bad woman's testimony by affidavit in Boston, I am inclined yet to think it was your uncle. But this I know, if it was Mathias, I did not kill him, and that black-hearted Copelin did. He shall come to justice, no difference what the result to me."

"Oh, Maurice," Dorothy cried after one of these conversations, flinging herself from her father's arms to those of her husband. "See, what my weakness, my running away, has brought upon us? Who will believe, seeing the strength of my father's body and intellect now, that past state of his health and mind? Our very friends will be forced by Copelin's lawyers to testify against us, for what must these neighbors think of us when our deception comes out? If Uncle Freme were only in the land of the living, he would surely come to our relief. I fear that you have been misled."

Maurice had exhausted his store of comfort for her before the trial began. He could not infuse his confidence into her mind that Uncle Freme had not died that day, and that he was on the right track of the murder. But where was contrary Mathias Freme? He had gone to large expense in advertising for him in all the leading papers of the land, and doubly so in the organ belonging to the political creed adopted by the strange little man, and yet no word of him

He had never, as yet, spoken of Marcia to Dorothy, but one evening, David Van Orm, questioning him as to Darrel Copelin's shady past, brought a reference to Marcia from his lips. David Van Orm passed it by as of little moment, but Dorothy, girl-like, felt the romance, the pathetic story, and when they were alone, got the whole story from him, even to the meeting of Marcia as a Sister of Charity. Her eyes were shining, her breast heaving with illy repressed emotion, before he was through with Marcia's story. Then she burst forth with:

"Maurice, Maurice, that little old man was Uncle Freme! You did not know him all your life as I did—until he went away. That is just how he would have acted in such a case. There is no doubt but that it was him. Gone half-daft because of what Burr had done, and worse, because the people used Burr so. He has followed his leader's fortunes, to Kentucky, coming back, quite likely, occasionally to get hidden treasure, buried in his land, and thinking it fine to frighten people. Who hears of the ghost of Uncle Freme these days? He comes back no more. Grant that he may not be dead. Go quick to Marcia and get that man's name. It will prove to be Mathias Freme."

Maurice sprang to his feet. The name of Dorothy's uncle, in connection with Marcia's benefactor, had not occurred to him, but now it came hurriedly, taking possession of his being. Why had he not thought of that when Marcia had told him of the man's interest in Aaron Burr, at that first trial for treason? But then, he had not known Mathias Freme. Having seen him but few times, then without particular notice.

"I will start to Baltimore this very hour, Dorothy," he exclaimed. "Also, you get a letter ready for Henry Clay. If this name that Marcia refused to tell me should prove to be that of your uncle, both Marcia's and Henry Clay's testimony, though Mathias Freme cannot now be found, will go a long ways toward proving that he was not killed that day."

Dorothy, bustling about to help him off, and write the letter, nearly at the same time, declared that she had a portrait, a good one of Uncle Freme, put away, and that would help those people to place him aright.

"Don't build too high, Dorothy," Maurice warned her, though his own eyes were extra bright with hope.

The story shortens now. Marcia herself dispatched a letter to Henry Clay before she made ready for her journey to New York as a witness, for her patient had been Uncle Mathias. This was conclusive. On the second day of the trial the dead man, or one of them in question, came boldly, blithly, walking into court, and the trial promising a great sensation, and long fought battle, suddenly came to an end.

Imprisonment for life. This was Darrel Copelin's ending.

The reward had been promised Peg, but owing to the murdered man not being the man for whom the reward was named, Maurice chose to divide the money, giving half to Granny and half to Peg, with the additional advice that both would meet with surer respect where they were not so well known. Which advice Peg haughtily complied with.

"And where were you all this time, Mathias?" David Van Orm asked, the reproof he so strongly felt as his brother-in-law's due not hidden in his tone.

"Where?" Mathias puffed, wiping the perspiration from a brow and cheek heavily scarred with the bludgeon blows given him by the footpads the night before that historical duel. "Where? Well, a good many places. How did I know that you were accused of my murder? I came back a few times to dig up some of the stuff I had hid about. It was fun to play ghost. Fun to look up at my own tombstone."

"Yes, great, great fun!" the other man replied. "Mathias, you astonish me. Such levity is unaccountable in even a child."

Dorothy, now very close to her uncle's side, said softly, although all that trouble seemed so far away now: "You must remember these three awful years, uncle. My fear, and the darkness come to father's mind. It was terrible."

"I am trying to realize all that, Dorothy, trying as hard as I can," her uncle replied. "I cannot, somehow, get in the right frame of mind to take it in soberly, because of the unutterable foolishness of running away from a crime you never committed. Now, I had a reason to go away. Who cared for me here? Before I knew it I was pronounced dead and buried, and that was just what I wanted to be at that time. So I let it go at that. Say, Dorothy, I was gone a year on a sea voyage. That was after Burr's trial in Frankfort. I've brought you back enough money to build a fine home with in Baltimore. Good thing the little nun wrote to Clay when she did, a week later and he could not have found me. I was making ready to sail out to sea again."

"You will come to Baltimore and make your home with us, will you not, uncle?" she asked.

"Maybe so, maybe so, when I get real old," he replied, then trotted off to shake hands with sister Martha, who had come over to attend the trial. Her first trip abroad since Mathias had disappeared. "I'll get her to tell me some of them ghost stories," Uncle Freme winked back to Dorothy.

"For which he should be ashamed," David Van Orm reproved.

A day or so after, back in the old home, Dorothy heard an extraordinary confusion in the direction of the kitchen. Going to investigate, she found Betsey, feather brush in hand, trying to prevent Uncle Freme from coming in at the pantry window, through which he emerged, in spite of Betsey, puffing and red-faced.

"My, oh, me!" he ejaculated, "between crowding in there and battling with that haystack of a Betsey I'm clear gone winded."

"But, uncle, why did you come in that way? There are doors to come through?" asked the perplexed Dorothy.

"Dorothy," he solemnly answered, his little eyes twinkling, "didn't I once say that I would never cross the threshold of this house again? If I keep my word, how am I going to get in unless I come in at a window?"

Dorothy laughed merrily. All the pain and loneliness, anxiety and shadows lifted from her life, she felt that no more must she give place to aught but smiles, laughter, song and good will.

"Come in any way you please, uncle. Just so you come in. That is all I ask," she answered.

"Well, I guess not," Betsey growled. "I'm guardian of this pantry window, and if he tries to come in this way again I'll pitch him into the flour barrel. Now, see if I don't."

And with this we leave them. Out of the tribulations of life's comedy and tragedy interwoven, they had emerged. All other marks they left upon the road of time are obliterated.

The end.

NICK-NAMED

But Doesn't Object in the Least.

A young lady from Troy was nick-named "Grape-Nuts" but she has been so greatly benefited by this world-famed food that she did not object to the sobriquet given her by friends. She writes:

"From over-work my health failed me last summer and I feared for the future. Nearly every one I knew had something to recommend, and I tried them all without benefit.

"A cousin, however, was persistent in recommending Grape-Nuts, because of the really wonderful good the food had been to her. Finally she sent me a package and to please her I commenced to eat it.

"Almost from the very start my strength began to improve, and soon I began to gain in weight. After about five months eating Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper daily, I became well again.

"My appearance improved so much my friends wondered and asked the reason. I told them it was Grape-Nuts and nothing else. I have talked so much about the benefits to be derived from this food that they have nick-named me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I don't object in the least. This food has certainly proved a great blessing to me." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Just as sure as a man has a bad liver, nobody else knows how to run the Government.

There is nothing easier for a woman than laughter, which means tears except tears which mean laughter.

A woman can't help having faith in a public man if his front name is the same as a hero in a romantic play.

What makes people doubt a man's sanity is hearing his wife quote him in things he said just the other way 'round from the way she tells it.

One of the foolishest things a man can do is to insist upon his wife keeping household accounts which he will have to try to straighten out and never be able to do it.

HOW A WOMAN

MADE MONEY.

A woman writing to the New York Globe from Mexico, says: "While I am way down in Mexico I do not want my friends who read the Globe to think I am out of the world, for I am making more money now than I ever did in my life. Four years ago I took up a fruit claim. They give you the land if you will pay for setting out five acres of tropical fruit trees within five years. The Department of Improvement set out my banana trees, 1,500 on five acres, and attended to them for two years, or until the first crop was ready to gather, and it cost me only $620. The Department of Improvement will care for your trees and gather and market your fruit continuously for one-third of the crop, so I just let them attend to my orchard. In 1907 the Department paid me for my share $1,281.30 in gold. For the first six month of 1908 I had received $708.76 in gold, and expect the second half of the year will bring me a little more. You get your money every three months, as bananas are picked and marketed every day of the year. You do not have to come to Mexico to take up land. Write to the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 87, Pittsburg, Pa., for Fruit Claim blanks, as literature printed in English, regarding Mexican Homesteads, is distributed from Pittsburg. You can pay for the planting of the trees in installments of $5 a month if you wish, and need never go to Mexico yourself.

EVOLUTION OF THE SMITHY.

The blacksmith shop with bellows tall
  And horses in a row;
How well, indeed, we can recall
  Ye smith of long ago.
But now the blacksmith shop has changed;
  The horses stand no more,
And round the shop autos are ranged—
  Their engines on the floor.
Next year we'll read "Balloons repaired"
  Above the smoky panes;
"Attention prompt and no pains spared"
  On smashed-up aeroplanes.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the result. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Took Money With Him.

Easterner—I am looking for a man named Smarth, who came here from our section some years ago.

Westerner—Look along among those palaces on New Street. He has probably made a fortune by this time.

Easterner—He had money when he came here.

Westerner—Oh! Look in the poorhouse.

MR. BADGER'S LIFE-INSURANCE

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I'm the boy in the office of the "Beneficent and Patriotic Insurance Company"; we insure lives, we do: we ain't fire—we wouldn't be—we takes lives. Jolly old fellows our company are, and sharp. You don't catch 'em taking consumptive folks or apopletic folks, or rich old fellows with appendicitis, not we—only good, healthy lives. We have a doctor, and he thumps 'em on the back and pounds 'em in the chest, and shakes 'em up and looks at their tongues, and feels their pulses, and if they manage to get through that ordeal creditably, our other gentlemen take 'em.

The minute Mr. Badger walked into our office at half-past twelve one winter day, as I know, because I was eating pie in the corner—mince, with lots of raisins—I said, "My fine fellow, we'll take you."

He was a picture. You've seen a plaster cast of Hercules, perhaps; the muscles of that statue's limbs aren't to be compared with his.

As for color, you'd have sworn he was rouged if he'd been a lady, while he was, take him all in all, the picture of health.

His name was, he said, Mr. Bartholomew Badger.

Our medical-man thumped him and felt his pulse, and looked at his tongue, and pronounced him a good life, and he insured himself for twenty thousand dollars.

"I have an aged parent," says he, "of eighty-five, and it's for him I insure my life." We laughed at the notion when he was gone.

A man of that build and health, and not forty, insuring his life for a man of eighty-five. It was throwing the payments in the street, though we had no reason to complain—we made by it.

Our street was not a very busy one; round the corner it was, but in front were private houses. All of a sudden we found that Mr. Badger was living in our street. Every morning he went out to business. It was comfortable to see the man you had insured going past the window, looking so well and hearty. Occasionally some of us spoke to him, and generally asked how his aged father was. He almost always answered "pretty well, though too feeble to go out much," and then he used to beg us if we happened to see the old gentleman, not to mention that he had insured his life, because it might alarm him.

We didn't. One reason was, we never saw him.

Jack Stoker and I went to school together, and when I am a friend, I am one. He being with a hair-dresser made no matter to me, though, of course, it was below life-insurance. So one Saturday evening I went down to see Jack at the shop. When I got there he was curling a white wig—a long-haired, white wig.

"Who's that for—Adam?" says I.

"It's for a masquerade," says Jack. "A gentleman ordered that and a white mustache. He going to be a patriarch."

Then he was summoned to do something, and went out, and I took up the tongs to curl the wig, and—bless you—burned away a great lock of hair.

Jack came back as I was scraping the burnt ends off the tongs. He was mad enough, but he managed to hide the place with the next wave, and if the boss didn't look sharp, he said, perhaps he wouldn't notice it.

I didn't stay long after that, but I told Jack about our healthy man, who was likely to pay his premiums as long as the association lasted, and spoke of his venerable pa; and, just for a lark, I set the wig up on a broomstick, and trotted it around, saying:

"Here's the venerable pa coming for his money! Oh, yes—here he is!"

That's why I didn't stay long. The hair-dresser walked in, and said, perhaps, considering all things, if I didn't want to be shaved or curled, I'd better go home.

I went home. Sunday I didn't see Mr. Badger going past as usual to church; and Monday, when I went down to the office, I picked up the paper, when the carrier flung it in at the door, and opened it at the obituaries. There I read these words:

"Died, suddenly, on the Sabbath, Mr. Bartholomew Badger. Friends and relatives invited to the funeral Monday, at nine o'clock, without further notice."

My remark was:

"Gracious goodness!" And I sat down on a chair and stared at it.

"Look at that!" says I to our head man as he came in. "If ever we were fleeced, we are now."

"It's the old gentleman," says he.

"No," says I. "It's our man."

So it proved.

Monday we went to the funeral.

All of us. We'd called before, and a woman, hired to do things about the house, said the old gentleman felt too bad to be seen, and it was the son. We went, as I said, to the funeral.

When we got in, a clerical gentleman was just rising from his knees, and the service was over. The aged father was sobbing dreadfully, and our manager gave him his arm to take him downstairs. A tall old gent, with long white curls and mustache, and big green glasses, and an ear-trumpet, and a heavy overcoat, and black gloves. Like our Mr. Badger, too, about the nose, which was nearly all you could see of him.

He sobbed distressing. Our manager was affected. So was our bookkeeper. So was I. When we came to the graveyard two of 'em was obliged to hold him up, and I stood behind. There were no friends. The death was sudden, and they were a long way from there. They knew best, the old man said.

I stood behind, and as the wind was high, the long white hair on that afflicted old man's head blowed about dreadfully—and as they blowed I kept seeing a place where the hair had been scorched off.

"Funny," I thought. I got nearer, and I began to feel as if I was dreaming. As true as I was Tom Hooper, that was the wig I had singed in Jack Stoker's shop, and those were the mustaches I'd seen curled.

"Tom," says I, "it's your destiny to save this association from being cheated. Tom, this is a deep thing. Now is your time to act judicious."

Then in a minute down I tumbled, and roared, and hollered. "My leg's broke," says I. "I'm dyin'; come quick."

And our bookkeeper came to me in a hurry, for when granny put me in the office, she says, says she:

"If any harm comes to that boy, you are responsible."

He knelt down beside me, and I pulled down his ear to my mouth, and says I:

"We are being done; we are being cheated. That old man is no old man, but somebody in a wig and false whiskers."

"Nonsense," says the bookkeeper.

Says I: "It's true, and now I'll do my part; lend me your cane and I'll have the wig off in a jiffy, and if it is all right, you know what to do."

The bookkeeper gave me his cane when I'd told him all about the wig, and he'd seen the scorched place with his own eyes, and in a minute more I'd histed it up behind and had it off; and there before us stood Mr. Badger! For the minute he knew all was up; he dashed off the green specs and whiskers, and made a run for it.

We caught him, though, and he was handed over to the police, and the coffin opened. It contained a stuffed figure with a wax face, and was weighted with paving-stones.

It had been a deep game, and if it hadn't been for me, we'd have been done completely.

Our association proved grateful, and made me a handsome present, and mentioned, at the same time, that I had saved 'em twenty thousand dollars, and at present I'm still in the establishment on an advanced salary, with hopes of promotion.

As for Mr. Badger—he, I'm glad to say, was properly punished, according to law.

LILIAN'S LOVE.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

"Now, listen to me, Lilian, and remember every word that I say. I do not intend to have that penniless young Fernleigh coming here any longer. The idea of a poor, beggarly writer daring to raise his eyes to my daughter—I, Wallace Atherton, of Atherton Heights, whose fortune is reckoned by millions! Lilian, I will no longer allow this nonsense. I love you dearly, and you are my only child—the image of your dead mother—I cannot see your life spoiled by a marriage with a penniless nobody, no matter how talented he may be. So I command, my daughter, that you give up Harry Fernleigh's acquaintance. Tell him my words exactly, and if he is at all a gentleman, he will not trouble Atherton Heights again with his presence. But if you do not tell him, Lilian, I shall attend to the matter myself; and, I promise you I shall not handle the subject with gloves."

Mr. Atherton leaned back in his crimson easy chair and closed his eyes. Lilian stood quietly beside him—a tall, fair girl, with dark hair and eyes, a sweet, gentle face, though not really beautiful. She was as sweet and gentle as she appeared; yet now there was something within her heart which rebelled against her father's mandate. She loved Harry Fernleigh so dearly, it was like death to give him up; yet, from her early childhood the girl had been taught to "Honor thy father and thy mother," and to practice the command.

"Father," she ventured at length, laying one white hand on her parent's shoulder, "I love Harry so dearly it would break my heart to give him up."

"Break your heart? Nonsense, child! No girl of eighteen ever broke her heart for any man. Do not talk so foolishly, but give the young man his conge in the quietest manner possible. Now, leave me, my dear; I have some writing to do."

Lilian left the room, and went out into the great, old-fashioned garden, pausing at last beneath the pleasant shadow of a wide-spreading tree. A rustic seat stood near; the girl sank into it, and, hiding her face in her hands, burst into passionate tears.

It was hard, she thought, very hard, and as bitter as death itself, to part from Harry Fernleigh, when nothing but poverty intervened. Even her father admitted that he was good, honorable and upright, talented and well-connected—no fault, but that never-to-be-forgotten one of poverty.

"I hate wrong!" exclaimed the girl passionately, springing to her feet, just as a tall, graceful man emerged from the shadow of the shrubbery near and approached her.

"Why, Harry," she cried, starting up in surprise, "I was not expecting you!"

"Am I welcome, dear?" he asked, taking her hand and drawing her to the seat.

As he seated himself beside her, she turned her face, and her brown, truthful eyes met his own.

"My darling!" he murmured fondly, drawing the shining head down upon his breast. "If you were only my wife, how happy we would be!"

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" Lilian sobbed, her tears falling fast and bitterly, "we must part!"

Harry Fernleigh's eyes met hers in incredulous wonder.

"Lilian!" he gasped. "What do you mean? What is the matter?"

And, summoning courage, the poor girl told him all—told him of her father's cruel decision, and because he was poor she must give him up.

He listened without a comment, but there was an odd flash in his dark eyes and a look of contempt upon his handsome face.

When she had told him all, he arose and kissed her fondly.

"Cheer up, my darling!" he said tenderly; "everything will yet come right."

And although Lilian could not for the life of her see how that could be possible, his brave and cheerful tone somehow infused a little courage into her own sinking heart; and she parted from her lover with a tiny ray of hope arising phenixlike, from the ashes of her despair.

That night, as Harry Fernleigh was returning at a late hour from the office of the daily newspaper upon which he was employed as editor in chief, he saw a bright light in the western sky, which slowly arose in great gold-and-crimson banners of flame.

He paused in consternation, an awful fear tugging at his heart-strings.

"Good heavens!" he groaned, in anguish. "I believe that the Atherton house is on fire! Heaven save my darling's life!"

With the speed of the wind the young man flew over the intervening distance, reaching the Atherton mansion, to find it, as he had suspected, a lurid sheet of flame. He had paused on his way an instant to give the alarm, and the engines arrived immediately, and every effort was put forth to save the house.

In the midst of the crowd Harry came upon Mr. Atherton, who, heart-broken at the fearful destruction of his elegant home, seemed half-demented.

"Where is Lilian?" gasped the young man wildly.

Wallace Atherton's face grew ghastly white.

"Heaven help me!" he moaned; "I supposed that she was here. But, Fernleigh, I believe—oh, Heaven—that she is in the burning building!"

How Harry Fernleigh ever reached the interior of that flame-wrapped, seething mass he could never tell. In vain friends held him back and begged him not to throw his life away so recklessly; he broke from them all and dashed inside, and the fearful flames closed together, a wall of fire behind him.

Fifteen minutes passed, when he reappeared bearing Lilian in his arms. Scorched, smoke-blackened, more dead than alive, the young hero leaped with his unconscious burden from the nearest window, and Lilian Atherton was placed in her father's arms, insensible, but uninjured.

They bore Harry Fernleigh away to the hotel, at which Mr. Atherton quickly engaged rooms for himself and his daughter, and the two took their places at his bedside, and nursed him slowly back to life and health.

All Wallace Atherton's pride was dead—his false, foolish pride of wealth and position; he stood humbled and abased before this young man, who had proven himself so noble, so heroic.

Harry Fernleigh recovered, and, as soon as he was able to sit up, the marriage service was read over himself and Lilian Atherton; and her father said that he was not only satisfied with Lilian's choice, but proud to think she had chosen so wisely.

Then a discovery was made which made the romance even more interesting. It came out that Harry Fernleigh had not been a poor man, after all; for several months before, a relative, dying, had bequeathed him a handsome fortune, and he was able to take his wife to an elegant home of their own.

But the money made no difference to Lilian, for she was already convinced that the true love which blessed her life was a greater treasure than all the wealth that the round world contains.

Why He Called.

"You advertised that you had found a pocket book, I believe?" he asked the man who had come to the door in answer to his ring.

"I did."

"You say it contained a sum of money?"

"Yes."

"A very large sum of money, in fact?"

"Yes."

"And that the owner could have same by naming the sum found and describing the pocket book?"

"Yes. Go on."

"That is all I wished to ask."

"But you will have to give a description of the purse you lost before you can put in a claim."

"I lost no purse."

"You didn't?"

"No sir."

"Then why have you called?"

"Merely to see what a man looks like who will find a large sum of money and then advertise the fact in the papers instead of hiding it down cellar. Good day, sir."—Judge's Library.

A woman doesn't appreciate the fact that a man loves her unless he tells her so at least seventeen times a day.

LOOKING AHEAD?

If so, take advantage of today's opportunities for the merchant, farmer, fruit grower and business man along the Pacific Coast Extension of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Descriptive Books Free. F. A. Miller, G. P. A., Chicago.

20 AMERICAN GIRLS FREE

Country Girls, City Girls, Western, Southern and Eastern Girls, Skating, Riding and Bathing Girls, and many other views of the beautiful American Girl—ALL FREE; also, a membership to the Post Card Exchange.

This famous set of Souvenir Post Cards is considered the most popular set ever issued. Twenty different views of the beautiful American Girl; all worth framing—the gem of a post card collection. I want to place a complete set in the hands of every American woman free.

My Special Offer: In order to place UP-TO-DATE FARMING in your home, I will send it to you for **Three Months for Ten Cents** and include, with my compliments, a **Complete Set of American Girl Post Cards.** Every woman should read the family and household pages of UP-TO-DATE FARMING, the boys will be interested in the stories and puzzles, while the men will read its agricultural and marketing features with much profit.

Remember, 20 Souvenir Post Cards (American Girl Set) and a three months' subscription to UP-TO-DATE FARMING, all for 10 cents (stamps or silver).

GARRETT WALL, Dept. 69, Indianapolis, Ind.

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

This catalog of opportunities will interest you. To-day you may find a big bargain or the very chance to make money you have been looking for. "Opportunity knocks once at the door of every man." Yours may be here. Read every ad. carefully.

Advertisements cost $1.00 per line, including one insertion in the BLADE and one in the LEDGER of the following week's issue. No advertisement accepted for insertion in either paper alone. A two-line is the smallest and a twelve-line, the biggest ad. inserted in this department.

AGENTS WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN to handle our new house specialty. Big profits. Easy sales. Many repeat orders. Write at once for free particulars. B. Miller Specialty Co., 1582 E. 27th Avenue, Denver, Colo.

AGENTS NEEDED EVERYWHERE for wonderful attachment making cooking stoves like gas ranges; immense chance; makes own gas; big saving; $50.00 week. S. Kaytwo Mfg. Co., Toslindale, Boston, Mass.

LIVE AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN to act as sole representative for new household necessity. Lightning seller. Big profits. Write for particulars to Wilkeslyke Co., Box 101, Dept. W., Little Falls, N. Y.

MUSICAL

ORGANS ON EASY PAYMENTS. You can now buy the famous Kimball Organ direct from the makers at factory prices. $2.50 a month buys a genuine Kimball. Send today for money-saving plan and 30 Days' Free Trial Offer. Get our free catalog. W. W. Kimball Co., 253 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

SEND FOR THIS ORGAN BOOK. It is free. It tells all about organs and fully describes the wonderful patent reed pipe organ. Write now. This book will save you money if you want an organ. All organs sold on 30 days free trial. Newman Bros. Co., 127 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

JEWELRY

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT. Get our free catalog. Tells all about our Easy Credit Plan and Free Trial. Send your name and get our big free catalog. Harris-Goar Co., 1351 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

FREE STOVE BOOK of 64 pages sent to you free. All about all kinds of stoves and ranges. Sold on 30 days' free trial. Write for the free stove book and special free trial offer. Hoosier Stove Factory, 264 State St., Marion, Ind.

DON'T BUY A STOVE or Range until you see how much you save by getting "A Kalamazoo Direct To You," Catalog No. 408 sent free. We sell at factory prices on 360 Days' Approval Test. Freight prepaid. Catalog No. 408 sent free on request. Kalamazoo Stove Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

EMPIRE LEATHER COUCH ON FREE TRIAL. No money down. Only $19.85 for this $35 couch. We pay the freight. You pay 50 cents a week. Order now. We ship the couch at our expense on 10 days' approval. If you don't like it, ship it back at our expense. Empire Furniture Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

CIVIL SERVICE

UNCLE SAM will hold November examinations everywhere for City Postoffice Clerks and Carriers; early examinations for Railway Mail; Customs, & Departmental Clerks. $600.00 to $1,600.00 yearly. Annual vacation. Common education sufficient. Candidates prepared free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B K, Rochester, N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

LADIES, LET ME SHOW YOU how to make several dollars weekly during spare time. Manager, Dept. W. B., 137 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

LADIES, SEND 25c. for bottle Gould's Victorine and our plan how to secure genuine Diamond Ring free. Gould Mfg. Co., Dept. 8, 813 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TICKLISH

Garden Repartee.

"My eyes!" exclaimed the potato, "but this is poor soil for a garden."

"That's right," said the onion. "I don't get along worth a scent, and I'm losing strength every day."

"I'm going to leave," said the cabbage. "I'll never be able to get a-head here."

"This spot isn't fit for a berrying ground," said the strawberry. "But here comes the sun, and we'll all have to dry up."

Too Much Progress.

Mr. Chipps (looking up from the paper)—The doctors have discovered another new disease.

Mrs. De Chipps—Well, I wish they'd stop looking for new diseases long enough to find a cure for my old rheumatism.

Rise in Prices.

Mrs. Sharpeye—What makes sugar so high?

Storekeeper — The — the floods, madam.

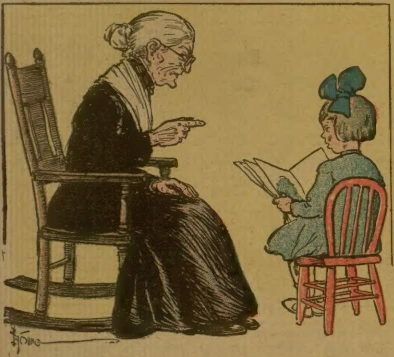
Mrs. Sharpeye—H'm! Floods don't carry away much except sand.

A Wife's Devotion.

Young Husband—My dear, some of my garments are sadly in need of buttons.

Young Wife—Yes, my love. I noticed that, and have sent for my mother. She is a splendid hand at sewing on buttons.

NO RECOMMENDATION.



Dolly (peevishly)—No, I didn't wash my face. I hate washing my face.
Grandma—Naughty, naughty! When I was a little girl I always washed my face.
Dolly—Yes, an' look at it now!

Belated Congratulations.

Returned Tourist—And so, during my long stay abroad, Miss Pinkie got married—six months ago, too. I must call to offer my congratulations. What is her name now?

Hostess—Mrs. Blinks. She lives right next door.

Enter Servant—If ye please, mum, Mrs. Blinks wants to know the address of some good locksmith.

Hostess—With pleasure. What is the matter?

Servant—When Mr. Blinks left the house this morning, he slammed the door so hard it broke the latch.

TIME TO HOOTTE.

A frisky young man in Butte,
Played the "Merry Widow" waltz on a lutte;
He played night and day
Till the neighbors did say
"Cut out that blamed lutte or we'll shoote.

Would Not Pay Charges.

He was an impecunious nobleman with air castle in sunny France. After much deliberation he sent the following note to the pretty heiress:

"Dear Miss: I love you, but do not know how to express myself. How would you advise? COUNT DE BUST."

And the heiress penned the following:

"Dear Count: Express yourself any way you wish except C. O. D., as you are not worth the charges."

Heard in the Barnyard.

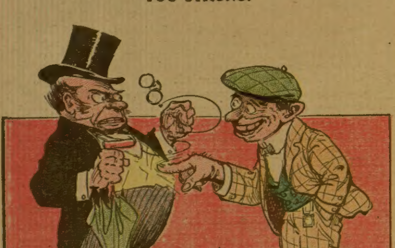
The hen and the duck were in conference.

"I just laid an egg with the Democratic candidate's name on it," said the hen. "Why don't you lay one with the Republican's name on it?"

The duck quacked softly.

"Thanks, no. Ducks prefer water. I'll lay one with the Prohibition candidate's name on it."

TOO STRONG.



Mac—Hae ye heard the story about the onion?
Donald—No.
Mac—Weel, don't breathe it to a soul.

Might Be Worse.

Together they were seated on the shifting sands by the sad sea waves—his arm about her waist.

"Do you like this place?" he asked.

"Well, I can't say that I am stuck on the place," she replied, as she nestled a little closer to his person, "but I certainly do enjoy the surroundings."

Whereupon he proceeded to expand her enjoyment by slightly contracting the surroundings.

BIG CATALOG CREATES EXCITEMENT.

New Free Millwork Catalog Issued by Gordon-Van Tine Co. Makes Terrific Cut in Prices.

Have you seen Gordon-Van Tine Co's Millwork and Building Material Catalog? If not, write for a free copy at once. It will save you money. The Company began sending out the new catalogs a few weeks ago and the big cut in prices on all classes of building material has caused a tremendous sensation. It shows that farmers have been paying local dealers anywhere from 50 to 75 per cent too much for Millwork, Lumber, etc. Over 5,000 items are listed away below retail prices. These goods are of the best quality, and the company ships them anywhere, guaranteeing safe delivery and satisfaction. The Gordon-Van Tine Co. is the largest independent sash, door and lumber concern in the world selling direct to the consumer. The claim of this concern is "We Undersell Everybody!" The catalog proves it. Doors sell as low as 77 cents; 4-light windows as low as 70 cents. Roofing as low as $1.41 per roll of 108 square feet. Send a postal at once to Gordon-Van Tine Co., 1280 Case Street, Davenport, Iowa for a copy of the Grand Free Millwork Catalog.

Unlucky Thirteen.

"Alas!" sighed the schoolgirl, "I now realize that thirteen is the unluckiest of all numbers."

"What's the explanation?" queried the innocent bystander.

"Well, you see, I am just thirteen years old," explained the fair miss, "and mama says I'm too old for dolls and papa says I'm to young to have a beau."

Innocence Down Home.

Mrs. Ryetop—It just goes to show how youngsters of this generation neglect opportunities.

Mr. Ryetop—What now, Mandy?

Mrs. Ryetop—Why, when Zeke was home I used to try to make him take the mop and bucket and scrub up the halls. He wouldn't pay no heed, and now he writes that he is on a scrub team up at college, and I bet he doesn't know a thing about scrubbing.

One On the Artist.

Little Boy (entering studio)—Say, mister, are you an artist?

DeAuber—Yes.

Little Boy—Well, what will you charge to give my goat drawing lessons?

DeAuber—Give a goat drawing lessons! Why, what do you mean?

Little Boy—I mean business. I want you to teach my goat to draw a wagon. See?

New One.

Kind Lady—What was your last occupation, my poor man?

Gritty George—I was valet in a sawmill, mum.

Kind Lady—Valet in a sawmill! Gracious, what were your duties?

Gritty George—I had to dress undressed lumber, mum.

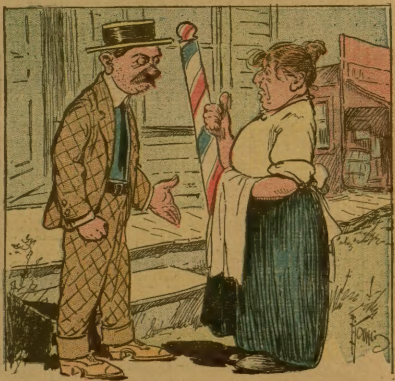
Proof of Honesty.

Silas—Hiram Hardapple says Chicago is the most honest city in the States.

Cyrus—What gave him that idea?

Silas—Why, when he was up thar he went around telling everybody he carried a dollar watch and, by heck, nobody hasn't stolen it yet.

NEXT!



Summer Boarder—You said the barber was there ready to shave me!
Peasant Woman—Yes, sir! He's just killing a pig for his neighbor. You're next!

We Poor Men.

Harry is six years old. "Pa," he asked one day, "if I get married will I have a wife like ma?"

"Very likely," replied the father.

"And if I don't get married will I have to be an old bachelor like Uncle Tom?"

"Very likely."

"Well, pa," he said, after a moment of deep thought, "it's a mighty tough world for us men, ain't it?"

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (2)

Had a Kick Coming.

"See here, Mr. Sands," said Mrs. Tightwad, "that cheese is full of holes."

"Yes, ma'am," rejoined the groceryman, "that's the way it comes."

"Well, I don't want it," said Mrs. Tightwad. "I'm not going to pay for half a pound of holes."

An American Tourist Abroad.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Malaprop-Partington, "we had a lovely time in Venice. There are no cabs there, you know, because the streets are all full of water. One hires a chandelier and he rows you about in a dongola."

Some Are Counterfeits.

Said She—I certainly would like to meet an original man for a change.

Said He—Do you mean to tell me you never met one?

Said She—I never did. Adam, you know, was the only original man; all the others are merely imitations.

For High Flyers.

Rodrick—Back from the seashore, eh? They tell me you stopped at a bird of a hotel?

Van Albert—I should say it was a bird of a hotel. It was called The Gull, and they presented you with a bill the size of a pelican's.

Strong Love.

"And you told her you loved the ground she walked on?" said Count Hickoff.

"Ah, yes, monsieur," responded Count Subrosa.

"And did she believe it?"

"Most assuredly, count. You see, she was standing on her father's rich coal mine."

Cost Him a Penny.

Eva—And you refused him? Why?

Edna—He was too economical.

Eva— But I thought you said that the young man you accepted would have to be economical?

Edna—But he was too much so. He actually proposed on a postal card.

TACKLES

Couldn't Be Worse.

Sapleigh—I haven't—aw—been quite myself of late, doncher know."

Miss Caustique—Indeed! I hadn't noticed any improvement."

Family Likeness.

Mrs. De Firm—I tremble to think of our daughter marrying that young man. Why, he orders his mother and sisters around as if they were slaves.

Mr. De Firm—Don't worry, my dear. He won't order our daughter around more than once. She takes after you.

Flattering a Husband.

"The biggest idiots seem always to marry the prettiest women," said a man to his wife. "Now you're trying to flatter me!" was the cutting response.—Exchange.

AND THEY BOTH HAD "WHEELS"

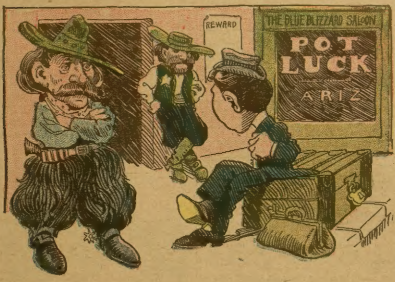
It was a vehicle marriage
And this heading none could reproach;
She was a girl of graceful carriage—
And he was a college coach.

The Silent Man.

"How did Sniggsley ever get his reputation for the possession of great wisdom?"

"His wife talks so much that he never gets a chance to expose his ignorance."

GETS AHEAD OF THEM.



Tourist—Is your town marshal zealous in preventing bloodshed?

Roaring Ike—You bet! He'll shoot a feller full o' holes if he tries to shed any around here.

A Lonely Place.

Country Hostess—Have you nice neighbors where you now live?

City Guest—Oh, we have no neighbors now, none at all.

Country Hostess—You haven't any neighbors?

City Guest—No. We live in a flat.

Betwixt and Between.

Miss Uppson—Have you met the Neurox girls?

Miss DeSwell—No: What is their position in society?

Miss Uppson—It's a sort of betwixt and between. They aren't exactly nobody, and yet they aren't really anybody.

Might Be Advisable.

"I am a poor man."

"When we are married, I can learn to cook."

"Hadn't you—er—better begin practice," suggested the thrifty suitor, "while your father is yet supplying the raw material, so to speak?"

A Nice Neighborhood.

Deacon Ebony—I heah you hab moved, Brudder Black. Has you got inter a select neighborhood?

Brudder Black—I hab, fer a fac', deacon. Nebber saw sich a selection of chickens in mah life.

A Strenuous Hint.

He—It seems to me that you waste an awful lot of kisses on other girls.

She—Oh, well, don't you care. You ought to know where I can get plenty more!

Citing An Example.

Askitt—Do you believe in the theory of heredity?

Noitt—Sure thing. My barber is the father of three little shavers.

Most Important of All.

"Dearest," he whispered, "I am ultra-fashionable. I have a hat of green, a tie of green and even shoes of green. Is there any more you could ask?"

"Yes," responded the practical girl, "before I accept you I would like to know if you have any long green in your pockets?"

The Cook-Book Trade.

Lounger—Do cook-books form an important item in your sales?

Bookseller—Yes, we sell them by the thousand.

"The women appreciate them, eh?

"Oh, the women don't buy them; their husbands do."

Awful Threat.

Sandy Pikes—Say, pard, tell me how it is dat you get such rich handouts of pie and beefsteak at every gate you tackle?

Gritty George—Sh· it's a secret. I tell dem if they don't give me de best I'll jump into de town's reservoir.

Lightly Spoken.

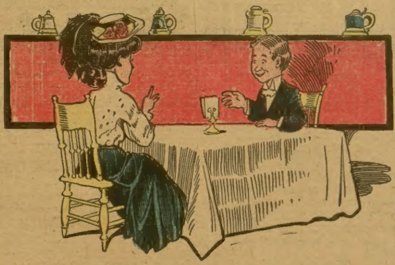
Mr. Richfello—How pretty Miss Beauti looks tonight.

Rival Belle—Yes. How miserably poor the electric lights have become lately. They are dimmer than gas.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

One swallow doesn't make a spring,
Is a saying known to one and all;
Yet one orange peel won't do a thing
But give us a hard and early fall.

STUNNING.

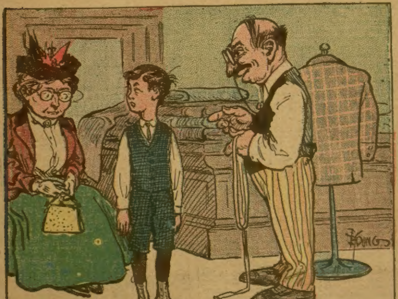


Cholly—I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours.

Miss Askitt—Good gracious! Where did you fall?

Cholly—Asleep. Haw! Haw!

MORE USEFUL THERE.



Tailor—Would you like some padding in the shoulders?

Boy—If you don't mind, ma, I'll have some in the seat of the trousers.

Travel as an Educator.

Agriculturist (on a railroad train)—So you're a drummer, eh? Well, I'm something of a business man myself now. I'm getting ready to start a creamery out in Squash County.

Drummer—My goodness! See here, my friend. If you want to start a creamery, go to New York City. There's no cream anywhere else; nothing but skim-milk. I've been everywhere, and I know.

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"I MADE $12 PER DAY Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"
From sworn statement of H. E. CUNNINGHAM.
AGENTS are coining money—selling from 50 to 500 sets per week. You can do it. Send your address today and let us PROVE IT. Experience unnecessary. We show you how to make $3 to $10 a day. OUTFIT FREE to workers.
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POST CARDS, agent's lot with your name in GOLD, 10c. Write Southern P. C. A., Lexington, N. C.

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EARN $8 ADVERTISING OUR WASHING FLUID [illegible] A.W.SCOTT, COHOES, N.Y.

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AGENTS Earn big money selling Japanese Drawn Work, Renaissance, Mexican and Swiss Embroidered Waist Patterns, etc. Catalogue Free. NATIONAL IMPORTING CO., Dept. B, 699 Broadway, New York

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AGENTS $25 A WEEK EASILY MADE selling our 14 new patented articles. No scheme. No risk. Sample Free. A. M. YOUNG & CO. 184 Dearborn St., R 240 Chicago, Ill.

$18 to $30 A WEEK SURE. Farmers "Ever-Ready" Tool Kit does it. M. D. Finch made $21 in 9 hrs. Had no experience. You can do it too. FREE SAMPLES to workers. Foote Mfg. Co. Dept. [illegible], Dayton, Ohio

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1016 Detroit, Mich.

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MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to advertise our goods, tack up showcards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. WM. R. WARNER MED. CO., London, Ont., Canada

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THE MASTER OF THE GRANGE.

BY BURFORD DELANNOY.

Mollie Morris was a governess, young and pretty. Too young, people said, for the drudgery of the nursery; too pretty others—with daughters of their own—thought.

When her mother died Mollie was left with the world to fight—that, too, without ammunition, for with Mrs. Morris' death ceased the annuity they had lived on.

The odds against the girl were made even heavier; she was encumbered with a charge. Almost with her dying breath, the mother had implored Mollie to help and "protect" her younger, weak-willed brother. Young as he was he had proved a thorn in their sides. Yet—strange phase of motherhood—the black sheep had been as the apple of her eye.

Mollie had lost sight of him for months, when a letter arrived to say that he was "down on his luck," and was coming down to see her that evening. As she approached the appointed place, voices reached her ears—her brother's and a stranger's.

"Don't be a bigger fool than you can help, Jim," the stranger was saying. "When I saw you get out of the train I reckoned you were on the same lay as myself, and followed in your fairy footsteps. The Grange yonder has been taken by a rich bachelor, with more diamonds than you could put in a plug hat. He's a crank; keeps only one servant. We'll join forces and share equally. And there's no time like the present, why, at midnight we'll get in through the library window and crack the crib."

"No, no! Not that!" Jim's voice. "I have sunk low enough with you, God knows—cheating at cards, welshing at races—but not robbery—not robbery like that."

"You draw fine distinctions, old pal," the other sneered. "I don't like 'em. You're not trying to save the place for your own benefit, are you? Understand that it don't pay to be treacherous to Tony Myers."

"I will have nothing to do with it—it means prison——"

"It'll mean prison for you if you don't. You've got to—d'you see? If you don't, you'll go to jail for something else. There's that check. How'd that look in the light of day? When it comes to sentences for forgery the judge doles out the years pretty liberal, I give you my word."

"Forgery! You told me it was only a matter of form. That——"

"Tell that to the marines; but take my word for it and don't try it on at the sessions. As for me telling you—Tony Myers! You make me smile, Jim!"

The conversation continued—on the stranger's part threats and cajolery; on the others, protestations—and at last assent.

Mollie was horror-stricken. Her brother a burglar! What should—what could—she do? Jim must be saved. How?

It was ten o'clock. She determined to go to the Grange and tell how her brother had been reluctantly induced to join in the robbery. It might be possible to make terms, so that Jim should be spared.

She ran back and entered the house, so that it might be known she was at home. Later, when she was supposed to have retired to bed, she let herself down from her room window, and flew off in the direction of the Grange.

Her blend of warning and appeal must surely touch the tenant there. In the reckless haste she made, her foot slipped, and the last part of her journey was hampered by a sprained ankle. Reaching the house, she rang the bell. A tall, soldierly, middle-aged man responded.

"I want, please," she said, "to see the master of the Grange."

"You see him now. What——"

"I—I have come to warn you. There is to be a robbery——"

That was all. The excitement and pain told. Rocking on her feet, she staggered and would have fallen but that he caught and held her. Doing so, he noted how pale and beautiful the girl was. Something in her face moved him strangely.

Carried into the library and laid on a sofa, brandy was poured down Mollie's throat. That promptly restored her to a spluttering, coughing consciousness.

Then she told her story. The man listened with a face which whitened as she proceeded. Her recital closed with an earnest appeal to save her brother.

"I will," the master of the Grange answered. "Now tell me of yourself—and Jim—tell me of your own life."

She obeyed. Perhaps it was excitement, fear for Jim, or hope that when her listener heard the whole story it would excite in him pity; anyway, stranger as he was, in a little while he knew her whole life's story. How her father had deserted her mother in Mollie's infancy and been reported dead. Of the struggle for life on the mother's small income, and Jim's falling in with bad companions.

More than once the listener passed a hand over his eyes. She was thankful for that; hoped that out of his emotion would spring pity for the lad.

For a while there was silence, broken only by the ticking of the mantel clock. A glance at that, then the man said:

"You are not afraid of being in the dark? It is necessary to put salt on the tail of one of our birds."

From a drawer he took a revolver and saw to the fulness of its chambers. The girl faltered out:

"You—you will not——"

"Hurt Jim? Never fear. This is more for show than use. Now I am going to shut off the light and have the window open. Keep absolutely quiet behind that screen and fear nothing."

As he spoke he turned the electric button which controlled the chandelier. Save for the little pips of light which played on the incandescent mantles, the room was plunged in darkness. Drawing back the curtains he opened the French windows, leaving it ajar; then stepped back into the shadow—and waited.

The burglars were punctual. As the distant church clock recorded midnight, there was mingled with the chimes the sound of gently moving men.

For a moment nothing could be seen. Then a round disk of yellow light was thrown into the room—the slide had been removed from a bull's-eye. A voice without whispered:

"Look! If one of the slavies ain't gone to bed and left the window open! Why, it's simply mapped out for us."

A faint creak. The window had been opened and the men had entered. The whisper sounded again:

"Hold on, matey, half a moment! Listen——"

His speech was interrupted. The master of the Grange had turned on the light; the room was illuminated. In the same moment his stern voice rang out:

"Throw up your hands, or I shoot!"

They threw up speedily enough—at sight of what was being pointed at them. A cry of alarm from Jim's lips; a blasphemous curse from Tony Myers.

"You," said the man with the revolver, addressing Jim, "cross the room and sit down there."

He indicated a chair against the screen. Jim's movements were followed with the pointed weapon. That was an opportunity for Tony. A noiseless spring, and the next instant he was through the open window and out in the darkness, running for his life.

The watcher smiled; no movement of Tony's had escaped him—although his back was to the man, the mirror was opposite. Walking to the window he closed it and pulled the curtains.

"Now," he said, as he took up a position on the hearth, "we can talk. You are Master Jim Morris."

The man on the chair started up, gasping. Then he sank back and buried his face in his hands—his shame was so great.

"You have run the gamut of card-sharping and welshing, and wind up with burglary—what is the next item on the program?"

"Death!" The white face was lifted from the hands, and the light of resolution blazed in the speaker's eyes. "Give me that pistol and I'll rid the world of such a worthless brute as I am—on one condition."

"So!"—the man by the fireplace smiled—"you think you are in a position to impose conditions?"

"No—to beg one. Not for mercy—don't think that. You have me like a rat in a trap—but this is the end. I have gone far enough on the road down, and whether you lend me your pistol or not, when the dawn breaks it won't find me living."

"Well—what is your condition?"

"Silence on your part—as to my name. God knows how you came to know it. I haven't used it for years."

"Ashamed of it—eh?"

"Ashamed of the disgrace I have brought on it."

"For your parents' sake?"

"They're both dead."

"Whose, then?"

"My sister's. She's—she's been a brick to me. It would break her heart to hear that I was caged in a prison-cell. News of my death ought to be a relief to her—although she is so full of tenderness and pity that she'd grieve over it. But a suicide! You see, she's kept the ideas she learned at her mother's knee about God giving us our lives, and—and—and so on. If—if you'll let me be buried in a nameless grave——"

"You are fond of your sister?"

"You'd understand that if you knew her."

"Supposing I do? Don't look so astonished—I knew you."

"Who—in God's name—are you?"

"That remains to be told. Step from behind the screen, Mollie; let this brother of yours know who interceded for him."

At sight of his sister, Jim's hands, in his shame, covered his face again. The girl came alongside him, laid a gentle, trembling hand on his shoulder protectingly.

"Now," said the master of the Grange, "you two have told me your stories; you shall hear mine. You, Jim, were left without a father's control; I accept that as an excuse for your treading the downward path. Eighteen years ago things went wrong financially. I quarreled with my wife and set sail for Australia, where an appointment had been offered me; it would have enabled me to send money over for the home. That was my intention, but—man proposes. The ship I sailed on was wrecked. I led a Crusoe sort of life with the few survivors on an out-of-the-way island for nearly two years. At last we were rescued and landed at Auckland. My first letter home was returned through the dead-letter office. Save for that, the wheel of fortune was revolving favorably for me—I was known as the 'lucky miner'—everything I touched turned to gold. The detectives I employed could get no trace of my wife and children. At last—a fortune made—I returned to the land of my birth, bought the Grange, and settled here to end my lonely life in the beloved country of my youth. But there is no longer need to be lonely. Children"—his voice broke as he extended his arms—"don't you understand—that those I lost are found?"

They understood. Shame kept Jim silent; but Mollie, with a glad cry, sprang into the open arms. She was strained closely to a heart which had long given up hope.

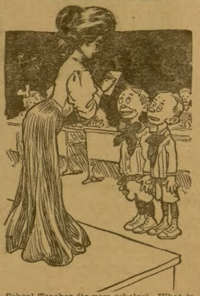
"Jim!"

"Father!"

The boy clasped the outstretched hand. As he did so great sobs burst from his bosom. Perhaps those tears washed what there was of evil out of Jim's nature. Perhaps fatherly control had been needed to keep the boy's feet in the narrow way. Anyway, Jim never transgressed again, and no more united and happy family exists thant at the Grange.

Tony Myers? Well, you don't really want to know more about him, do you? He isn't a nice subject, is he? Besides, there are always rods in pickle for such as he, aren't there?

His Name Was Bill.



School Teacher (to new scholar)—What is your name?

New Pupil—Jule Johnson, ma'am.

School Teacher—Not Jule, but Julius. [To his brother] What's your name?

New Pupil's Brother—Billous Johnson.

The Bard to Testify.

Senator Gallinger, lunching in the senate restaurant, said of a new and unsophisticated young office seeker:

"He reminds me of a witness in a damage suit in Newport. This witness, a farm hand, when he was called to give his testimony, said excitedly and earnestly, as he took his place in the box:

" 'Which side am I on?' "

Senator Aldrich smiled.

"The witness, not at all awed, said lightly:

"An ignorant, uninformed chap he is," said he. "As ignorant an uninformed as a cross-examiner I once heard in Providence in a perjury case.

"This lawyer, with a terrible frown at a witness who had just been handed for cross-examination to him, said:

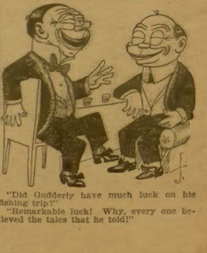
" 'You say you made an examination of the premises? Tell us again, sir, and I warn you that you had better tell us carefully just what you found there.'

"Oh, nothing of consequence. A beggarly account of empty boxes, as Shakespeare says.'

"The lawyer struck the table a crashing blow.

" 'Never mind what Shakespeare says, sir,' he roared. 'He will be summoned and can testify for himself in due course if he knows anything about this case.' "

Exceptional Luck.



"Did Gadderly have much luck on his fishing trip?"

"Remarkable luck! Why, every one believed the tales that he told!"

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

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Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline will easily overcome it—it will not fail nor disappoint you."

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Nervous, Weak, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter, or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 46, 152 Lake St., Chicago. I enclose four cents postage. Send at once by mail in plain package $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets on trial, and if it proves satisfactory I will send you $1.00, otherwise I will pay you nothing.

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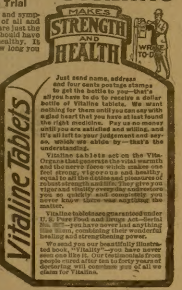

Just send name, address and four cents postage stamps to get the bottle to you—that's all you have to do to receive a dollar bottle of Vitaline tablets. We want nothing for them until you can say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine. Pay us no money until you are satisfied and willing, and it's all left to your judgement and say-so, which we abide by—that's the understanding.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate the vital warmth and the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and life. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so quickly and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Act—Serial No. [illegible]—you have never had anything like them, combining their wonderful healing and strengthening power.

We send you our beautifully illustrated book, "Vitality"—you have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline.

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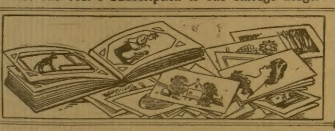
With One Year's Subscription to The Chicago Ledger



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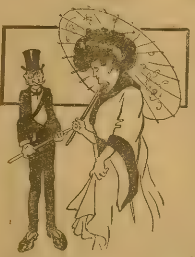
"NEVER CAN TELL."

This life is passing strange
You'll notice as you range
From place to place
You cannot tell, alas,
Just what will come to pass
In any case.

The man with the rod and flies
Has, much to our surprise,
Quite often been
Observed to catch, egad,
More big fish than the lad
With crooked pin.

Misfits.



Gerald—They say that I am a man of parts.

Geraldine—Well, I don't like the way they were put together.

An Awful Case.

As Mr. Tippet came in and started to remove his overcoat his wife came up eagerly. There was a look of anxiety in her eyes as she kissed him.

"Did you think, dear," she asked, timidly, " to get that ribbon?"

"What ribbon?"

"Why, don't you know, I gave you a sample to match this morning?"

"So you did. By Jove, it slipped my mind."

"And did you step in at the milliner's to ask about my hat?"

"Dear me, I—I—it quite escaped me."

"Did you send the telegram to mother?"

"Great heavens, no! You see, I was so busy—"

"And see the landlord about the leak in the roof?"

"No. I—"

His wife looked at him hopelessly.

"Did you," she asked sadly, " do anything I asked you to do this morning? If you didn't you are certainly the most forgetful man that I can conceive of."

Her husband met her smile with one of the deepest humiliation, as he drew from his overcoat pocket a small rectangular package.

"I am, my dear," he exclaimed. "I am, indeed! I admit it. I'm getting more forgetful every day. Why, do you know"—and he flourished the package in front of her tear-stained eyes—"I'm getting so forgetful that I came within an ace of not getting these cigars? And I didn't have one left in the house."—Life.

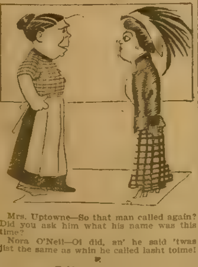
An Ultimatum.

"He has no job."

"Father, I am determined to marry the man of my choice."

"Very well. But it will be useless to fix on this abode as the boarding house of your choice, that's all."

No Change.



Mrs. Uptowne—So that man called again? Did you ask him what his name was this time?

Nora O'Neil—Oi did, an' he said 'twas jist the same as whin he called lasht toime!

Taking no Chances.

At the village postoffice I met a young farmer about twenty-three years old and had a few words with him about the weather and spring wheat, and we left in company and walked along the highway for half a mile. I wanted to know how the Presidential candidates stood in the country, so I asked who he favored.

"Nobody," was the reply.

"You must have read more or less concerning the three or four of them?"

"Yep."

"Then what do you think of Taft?"

"Dunno."

"Of Bryan?"

"Dunno.

"Of Hughes?"

"Dunno."

"Of Foraker?"

"Dunno," was the same monotonous reply.

"But can't you say whether you believe one of the four to be honest and upright and the man for the place?"

"Noap—can't say."

For the next twenty rods we walked along in silence. Then we came to a road where he had to turn off, and he looked at me and said:

"Strnager, Idon't want you to think I am a blithering fool, because I know I ain't."

"No?"

"It's just because I'm courting a widder woman who has one of the best farms in this county. She's what they call a strong-minded woman. She hain't made up her mind yet which is the best man, and so I hain't, and I hain't going to take no chances by coming out and shooting off my bazoo. I want that widder and I want that farm, even if nobody is elected President for the next ten years."

He Was Certainly Sick.

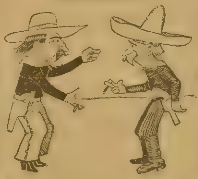
"John, were you really visiting a friend last night?"

"Sure."

"And was he really sick?"

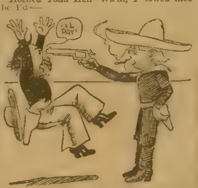
"You bet he was. He never won a pot."

Sight Draft.



Snake River Sam—Yes! I owe yer eighty bucks! Wot of it? How air yew goin' fo' to c'lect it, huh?

Horned Toad Hen—Wa'al, I 'lowed mebbe I'd—



Draw on you at sight, Sam. Haow's thet?

Rather Discouraging.

"You want to present 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the opery house?" said the sheriff of Bacon Ridge. "Why, that blamed show was here a month ago."

"That so?" responded the advance agent in the blue vest.

"Yes, stranger, and the dogs chased Liza."

"They always do that, sir."

"Then the dog catchers chased the dogs."

"Ah, that was an added feature."

"And old Mrs. Wiggs chased little Eva for winking at her husband as he sat in the front row."

"Rather startling, I assure you."

"And old Bill Jones, who runs the Eagle house, chased Uncle Tom for a board bill."

"Great Brutus!"

"And then the boys got together and chased the whole blamed show out of town. Better present some other show, mister"

Where He Wanted Him.

John D. Crimmins tells the following story:

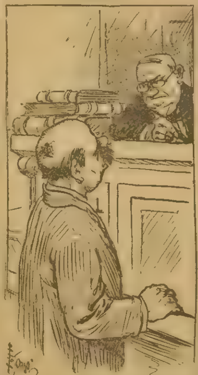
"A beggar with an unmistakably English face and also with a regular 'stand' on the Strand at Southampton street, London, was patiently waiting with his tin cup for the charity of the passer-by. He had only one leg, one arm and one eye.

"A well-dressed unmistakable Irishman, noticing him across the street, surveyed him carefully for five minutes, approached and, with 'Take this, my good man,' dropped a gold piece in his cup.

"'Thank you, sir,' said the beggar, bowing about twenty-five times in twenty seconds. 'I've been on this corner well-nigh thirty years, sir, and this is the first time any one ever dropped a bit of gold into my cup, sir; and, begging your pardon, sir, but strike me lucky! I think, sir, you're Irish.'

"'Faith, you're telling the truth, sir,' the Irishman said. 'I gave you the gold, for you're the first Englishman I ever saw who was trimmed exactly to my liking.'"

Didn't Know What Altercation Meant.



The Justice—You say you witnessed this altercation?

Jinks—No, I didn't see that. I was too busy lookin' at the fight.

Bundle of Them.

Ostend had often said he wanted to be a surgeon when he grew up and his mother was boasting about his knowledge of anatomy. "My son," she exclaimed before a party of visitors, "a man has how many ribs?"

Ostend looked solemn.

"Well, ma," he replied after a pause, "it just depends on the man. Now, a man called here today who had a hundred and twenty nine ribs."

"Ostend," said his mother, sternly, "don't fib."

"I'm not fibbing, maw."

"And you mean to say the man had one hundred and twenty-nine ribs?"

"Yessum. He was an umbrella mender."

SUSY.

Susy Ethel Jenkins, she
Lives acrost th' street fum me;
Susy's eyes is awful black,
Sends th' shivers down your back.

Susy, she knows lots er things,
Bears an' ghosts an' pirate kings;
Rings 'at w'en you only rub,
Brings a genie wif a club!

W'en I think of things she's said,
I'm jes' scared to go to bed.
Seems like some of Susy's bears
Was growlin' on th' stairs.

His Wish.

A gentleman standing near a jewelry store in a large city overheard the following conversation between two Irishmen, who were peering through the window at a tray of diamonds and other precious stones.

"And wouldn't ye loike to have yer pick Pat?"

Pat replied, "Me pick, be hanged; it's me shovel Oi would loike to have."

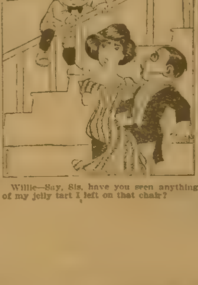
The Finish.

"Yes, he's just made arrangements to finish his education."

"Why, he's just married!"

"That's what I said."

So Sudden.



Willie—Say, Sis, have you seen anything of my jelly tart I left on that chair?

The Best Policy!

The Agent—I have here the finest policy that was ever written.

The Merchant—I've been carrying a pretty [illegible]

The Agent—[illegible]

The Merchant—[illegible]

Must Be Together.

Spectator—Give us two seats together.

Theater Box Office Man—Nothing but standing room, sir.

Spectator—All right. Give us two standing rooms together.

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BOYS'
AND
GIRLS'
CORNER

A Plot That Failed;

Or, Two Boys' Strange Adventures

By Thomas P. Montfort

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Begun in No. 44, October 31. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.
WITH A LUNATIC.

IT WAS no wonder that the boys' eyes stood wide open and that they stared in blank amazement. The man had come upon them so unexpectedly, and his appearance was so startling, that it is a wonder they did not scream out in terror.

And he was such a hideous-looking creature. With his long, unkempt hair and beard, and his bloodshot eyes, he looked more like some new species of wild animal, than a human being. His hair hung away down about his shoulders, and apparently had not been touched with a comb for years. His beard covered his face in one tangled, matted mass until nothing but his eyes showed.

While the two boys stared at him he steadily returned their gaze, keeping the gun always pointed in their direction. Several minutes passed, then he broke into a mirthless, weird laugh that was well calculated to make one shiver. It was a laugh that caused a person, for some reason, to think of a grave.

"I know what you can do," he said at last, "and what you had better get to doing quick, too."

"What?" Joe asked with fear and trembling.

"You can put all this dirt and rocks back where they belong. I'll learn you how to come here and tear the mountains down and fill up the river. They're all mine, and you had no business to bother with them."

"We didn't do it," Joe replied.

"You lie. I ought to shoot you, and when I first come I was going to. I had the gun all ready and was just going to pull the trigger, but all at once I decided not to do that, but to make you put the mountains back the way they were. Come, get up and go to work."

Joe saw that the man was crazy, and that he was liable to shoot them at any moment. As bad as their situation had been before, it was by no means improved by the appearance of a lunatic with a gun, who demanded the performance of the impossible. He was sorely puzzled as to what he should say or do.

The man waited a moment, but evidently becoming impatient, directed the gun at Joe and sighted along the barrel with his little red eyes.

"Get to work," he commanded, "or I'll put a bullet clean through you. I'm in earnest and I won't bear any fooling."

"You demand the impossible," Joe protested. "Don't you know we can't lift those rocks?"

"You can. You threw them down here, and you can put them back. Get to work, I tell you, and be quick about it."

Joe moved away as if to attempt the removal of the debris, feeling that his life was in deadly peril, but he had no idea what he should do. That the man was in deadly earnest, was only too evident, and it was plain that he would not brook much delay.

Joe walked dishearteningly along over the debris till he was on the opposite side of the man from where he had been sitting. The muzzle of the gun moved as he did, so that it was always pointed directly at him.

Leo had retained his seat, and the man seemed to have lost sight of his existence. The little red eyes were fixed on Joe, and apparently had no concern for anything else.

Joe had stopped by a stone that probably weighed two tons. The man pointed to it and said:

"Take that rock and throw it back on the mountain."

"I can't," Joe replied tremblingly.

"You can. You will, too, or I'll shoot you. I'll give you one minute. If you don't do as I say, you must die."

Joe looked helplessly about him. His limbs were shaking, and cold perspiration stood out all over him. He felt that it was all up with him, and that a few seconds would end his life. He knew that it would be useless to appeal to a madman for mercy. He could only stand and wait in dreadful suspense.

Then, all at once something entirely unexpected happened. Unobserved by either of the others, Leo had left his seat and stolen up behind the man. With a quick movement he threw his arms about the man's neck and jerked him suddenly backward, causing him to lose his footing and fall flat on the ground.

"Quick, Joe, get the gun from him," Leo called. "Hurry."

Joe bounded to the man's side and wrested the gun out of his hands. It was no easy matter, for the man was strong and determined, but Joe was striving to save his life, and he exerted more than any common energy.

"Thank God!" he cried, with a deep breath of relief, when it was over and the gun was in his own hands. "That is a closer call than I ever want to experience again."

"I thought sure it was all up with you, Joe," Leo said, "and, of course, up with me, too, for that matter. He would have killed us both."

"Sure. But, you saved us, Leo. How did you ever happen to do it?"

"Something had to be done, and I was watching for a chance, and when I saw one I embraced it. I didn't know whether I could do anything with him or not, but I could try, and I knew I could not make matters worse."

"Well, you have exercised rare presence of mind, anyway, and I feel that I owe you a good deal."

"Oh, no, you don't. My own life was in just as much danger as yours."

"All right. It was a fortunate stroke of business, anyhow. I tell you, I felt mighty like things were drawing to a head with me as I stood there with that gun pointed at me. I thought I was taking my last look at old earth."

"I know. But, say, what had we better do next?"

"I guess we should get away from here. I have had enough of this place."

"So have I. Look out!"

The madman had raised himself to a sitting posture, and fixed his eyes on the gun. There was an expression of cunning in them that foreboded trouble.

"Keep the gun pointed at him," Leo admonished, "and don't let him get hold of it. If he tries to reach you, shoot him."

"I am afraid I can't kill him," Joe replied. "That would be murder."

"Well, it is either kill or be killed, if he tries to take the gun."

"I'll do the best I can. But I hope I won't have to shoot him."

They waited some time, and the lunatic sat watching them, as a cat watches a mouse, but he made no movement. It was evident that he wanted to regain possession of the gun, but was too wary to attempt it, so was waiting and watching for something to transpire to give him an advantage.

His stead stare made both of the boys uncomfortable, and Joe began to feel that he was losing his nerve.

"I don't believe," he said, "that I can stand this much longer. Let's get away."

"All right," Leo replied. "But where are we to go?"

"Heaven only knows. We have got to go somewhere, though. If we stay here another five minutes he'll have me fascinated so thoroughly that I won't be able to do a thing against him."

"Do you feel that way?"

"Yes."

"So do I."

"I guess he must be hypnotizing us."

"He must be."

"Say, I can't stand it another minute. If I don't go now I won't be able to move a finger."

"Well, come on. We'll go somewhere, and any place is better than this. But keep an eye on him and don't let him get the gun."

"I will watch him."

They turned slowly and started away. The man arose and followed slowly after them. They kept a sharp watch on him, but he made no attempt to advance on them. When they had gone a short distance they stopped, and he also stopped as if awaiting their further movements.

"We can't get away from him," Leo whispered. "He'll follow us wherever we go."

"Then, what shall we do?"

"I can't tell you, unless you shoot him."

"I can't do that."

"Then, sooner or later——"

Leo stopped short, for a girl suddenly burst out of the bushes and stood before them.

CHAPTER VIII.
ONLY A JOKE.

The boys gave an involuntary gasp of astonishment. They were becoming pretty thoroughly inured to surprises, by this time, but to see a girl, and a pretty, refined-looking girl, at that, appear before them out there in the wild mountains, was too much of the unexpected to fail to seriously affect them. They stood and stared, with their mouths open, like a pair of idiots.

She, too, showed that she was astonished at the presence of Joe and Leo, but she was quick to regain her wits. After looking from the old man to the boys for a minute or so, she said, addressing the latter:

"Who are you, and what are you doing with my father's gun?"

"Your father!" Joe cried incredulously.

Even the little he had seen of her, he thought her the most beautiful thing his eyes had ever rested on, and it was a shock to him to think that anything so repulsive as that man, could in any way be related to her.

"Yes, my father," she repeated. "Do you think I am ashamed of him?"

There was no reply, and after waiting a minute or two, she added:

"You have not told me who you are nor what you are doing with that gun."

Joe was still too much astonished to say anything, but Leo recovered his self-possession, and lifting his hat respectfully, said:

"I am just from the East, and came to the mountains for my health. This is a friend who came with me."

Then he went on and told about the earthquake, and Bill's disappearance, and all the rest of it.

"I see," she said, when he had concluded. "You have had a hard time of it, and I am glad you came out as well as you did. But you have not answered about the gun."

Leo then told her of the man's visit, and his threat to shoot them, and of how they had managed to get the gun from him, as a matter of self-protection.

To their surprise she broke into a peal of merry laughter. They looked at her blankly, and presently Joe said:

"I don't see that there is anything to laugh about. It certainly wasn't at all funny to me to have him pointing the gun at me and ready to shoot me at any minute."

"That's just it," she cried. "To think you should be afraid of him. Why, he wouldn't hurt anything, and he was just having fun at your expense."

"I don't know about that," Joe said doubtfully. "It looks to me very much as if he was in good earnest and meant what he said."

"You wouldn't think so if you knew him."

"I hope you are right."

"I am."

"Well, he looked and acted as though he might be dangerous enough."

"I don't doubt it."

"And you can't blame us for taking his gun from him."

"No."

"But if you are sure it is all right, I'll return it to him."

"I assure you there is not the slightest danger to be feared from him."

She turned to the man and said:

"Father, these are our friends. Shake hands with them."

His face broke into a smile and he advanced and offered his hand, first to Joe, then to Leo. They both took it gingerly and with some hesitation. Then the man burst out in a roar of laughter.

"I had you scared some, didn't I?" he questioned.

"You certainly did," Joe answered.

"I thought it would be a good joke to scare you that way, but you didn't get scared like I thought you would."

"I was certainly scared bad enough, for my part."

"Oh, you wasn't half scared. Lots of chaps would have got down in the dust and squirmed and begged and took on scandalous. You had pretty good nerve, I can tell you—better, I suspect than I would show under the circumstances. You really thought I was in earnest, didn't you?"

"I certainly did."

"Didn't you know that anybody with sense would know you couldn't put that dirt and rock back? Why, anybody that would expect such a thing would be crazy."

"Why, I thought you——"

The girl shook her head vigorously, and Joe cut his speech short.

The man knew what he had started to say, however, and after looking at him steadily for a moment, said:

"You thought I was crazy, eh? Then I must have acted my part pretty well. I meant to make you think that. It is all a good joke, ain't it?"

"It didn't seem so, then," Joe answered. "Not to me, at least."

"Nor to me," Leo added.

The man talked rationally enough now, and the boys were greatly puzzled. They wondered if he really was insane, or whether the whole affair wasn't a joke at their expense. They couldn't tell from his conduct whether he was crazy or whether he had been merely acting a part, and they couldn't ask to be enlightened. The girl frowned and shook her head and made motions to them, all of which they could not comprehend, but which served to put them on their guard and make them cautious.

"You have been good enough to tell me about yourselves," the girl remarked, "so now it is due you that I should tell you about ourselves. So, we will all go up to our cabin where we can be more at ease and talk more comfortably."

"Do you live near?" Joe asked.

"Yes, about a quarter of a mile."

"How come you to be away out here in these wilds?"

"That is a part of the story I shall tell you when we are at the cabin. I suppose you have had no breakfast?"

"No."

"Then you must be hungry. It is almost noon now."

"I don't know whether I am hungry or not. I have been so upset this morning that I have lost track of all ordinary everyday affairs."

"I presume that is so. Still, I guess you can manage to eat a little."

"I shall be glad to try, anyhow."

She turned to the man and said:

"Come, daddy! Let's go home."

"All right," he answered. Then with another of those mirthless laughs he added: "I certainly had them good and scared for a little while. I certainly did."

"That is all right," the girl said soothingly, and as if addressing a little child. "You had your little fun, and now we are going to treat the strangers nice and be good friends with them."

"Of course, Nervy. Anything is all right if you say it is."

He slipped up close to her and whispered something. With a smile she turned to Joe and said:

"He wants me to ask you to return his gun, if you please."

Joe hesitated, and then said:

"Do you—are you sure it will be safe?"

"Perfectly."

"Then, I'll do it. I am like him. I can't doubt that anything is all right if you say it is. Here is the gun. We place our lives in your hands."

CHAPTER IX.

A CABIN IN THE WILDS.

Joe Norton has been referred to as a boy, and that was what he really was. But no doubt he would have felt more flattered if he had been called a man. He was just at that age when boyhood and manhood blend, and where personal preference urges one from the old to the new.

He was close on his twentieth year, and old for his age. He had been an orphan all his life, and had had to think and act for himself almost as far back as he could remember. This had matured his mind and given him thoughts beyond others of his years.

As he walked toward the cabin with the girl, he became aware of the fact that a new and manly feeling had been stirred to life in his breast. For the first time he was experiencing the sweet and heavenly sensation of being in love. His heart and his soul were the girl's.

It was all very sudden, to be sure, but it is by no means to be doubted that true love often comes at the first meeting of a man and a woman. Mated souls should be able to recognize each other at a first glance, and it is not strange that they often do.

Anyway, Joe was in love, and he felt that he could ask for no higher privilege than to be allowed to serve and worship the girl all his life. But there was one thing that bothered him.

That hideous, repulsive creature was her father. It sickened him to think that a girl so sweet and pure and perfect as she was, should be so closely bound to a being that did not even seem human. He shuddered at the idea, but decided that he could endure whatever was dear to her, and anything that demanded her love should, at least, have his respect.

After a short tramp through pine woods they came upon a small open spot, at the farther edge of which stood a little log cabin. The girl pointed across to it and said:

"That is our home."

"A beautiful location," Joe replied, "but a long way from the world. You must find it very lonely here?"

"I do, sometimes," she answered with a sigh. "But duty comes before our own preferences. Or, at least, it should."

"I presume so. How long have you lived here?"

"Only a few months. But that shall be a part of my account of ourselves, which I shall give you presently. It shall be our first business to have some food."

On reaching the cabin she threw open the door and passed inside, inviting the others to follow. Joe and Leo stepped over the threshold and then stopped, their eyes wide and their tongues speechless. If they had entertained an idea that they had experienced enough surprises for one day, they certainly discovered in that moment that it was all a mistake, for they were face to face with another.

They had supposed the cabin would prove to be a rough, scantily and poorly furnished place, containing only the commonest and most meager fittings, but instead, it was furnished like a palace. There was a rich carpet on the floor, fine lace curtains at the windows, beautifully upholstered chairs and settees, and a most expensive piano, and everything else in keeping. It was like a little view of Heaven, in a wilderness.

It was no wonder the boys stood rooted to the floor, and stared about them like a couple of idiots. They had seen nicely furnished rooms, and back in the land of civilization they would not have marveled at what they beheld now, but to come upon such a thing in the wild wastes of the Rocky Mountains was a thing well calculated to astonish them.

The girl noticed how they were affected, and with a little laugh said:

"You did not expect to see anything quite so nice, did you?"

"Most assuredly not," Joe replied.

"It does seem out of place here, I suppose, but I like things this way. All that, though, is another part of my story. Excuse me, and make yourselves as comfortable as you can, and I will set some breakfast."

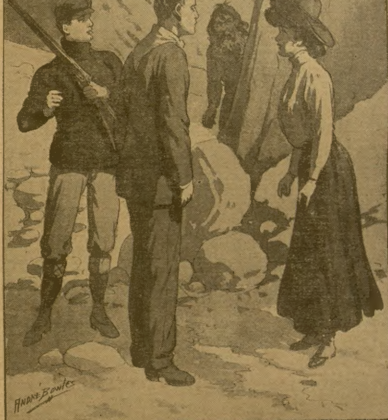
It was a dainty and palatable repast to which they sat down a little later, and it was evident from the way Joe ate, that his doubts about being hungry, no longer existed. Both he and Leo ate heartily.

Then, when they had finished, the girl, without moving from the table, told the story of her life.

"My name," she began, "is Minerva Rosell, or at least that is the name I go by now. I have another name, but I am forced to conceal it, but not from any dishonorable motives or reasons. I hope you will believe me when I say that."

"We do, most assuredly," Joe hastily answered. "I know whatever you say is true and I——"

"Thank you," she interrupted, blushing scarlet under the ardor of his words and manner. "It does me good to know you can feel that you can trust me."


ANDRE BOWLES

A girl stood before them.

"We would be less than human if we doubted you, Miss Rosell. Any one could tell by looking at you that you couldn't do anything wrong, and that it would be impossible for you to commit an act of which you should be ashamed."

She gave him a smile that showed how she appreciated his words, and which at the same time set his heart to wildly galloping. It was worth that one smile, he felt, to go through all he had, or even ten times more. Aye, to win another like it, he would, if necessary, suffer a thousand times more than he had.

He thought, as he sat looking across the table at her, that the day he began his journey West, was the day upon which his whole future life turned. It was upon that day that he would always look back as the time which marked the beginning of a new and happy existence.

There had been times when he had felt sorry that he had left the East, with its civilization, for what seemed like a mad escapade in the mountains of the West, but he had no such feeling as that now. On the contrary, he felt that no man ever did a wiser or more fortunate thing.

Oh, he was in love, and though he was young, and it was his first attack, he had a most serious case of it. It was the real article, and he would never get over it.

How it was all to end, was a matter that did not disturb him in the least. The future would have to look out for itself.

This capital story of boyhood adventures will be continued in next week's Ledger. Exciting things happen. Don't fail to read it. If you like the Ledger, and we feel sure that you do, we would like to have you send in a subscription and take it regularly. A great many thrilling and amusing stories will appear in it during the coming year. You will find it a weekly treat, hence you had better send in your subscription now. Let us hear from you.

Honor to the Smiths.

An orator named Smith thus held forth to an amused audience in praise of his cognomen: "Gentlemen, my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns this very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull up his socks, turn out his toes, take courage and thank his stars that there are a few more of the same sort.

"Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name,
And stands very high in the annals of fame;
Let White, Brown and Jones increase as they will,
Believe me, that Smith will outnumber them still.

"Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith—not a Smithe, nor a Smyth, but a regular, natural, S-m-i-t-h, Smith. Putting a 'y' in the middle, or an 'e' at the end won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man of the name of Smyth or Smythe? Echo answers who? and everybody says nobody. But as for Smith, plain S-m-i-t-h, Smith, why the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name.

"Who was the most reliable, solid and John Bull type of leader the house of commons ever had? Why, W. H. Smith, whose bookstalls are famous all over the land. Who the most original, pithy and humorous preacher? The Rev. Sidney Smith. And who, I ask—and I ask the question seriously—who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, and married the most widows? History says, I say, you say, and everybody says, John Smith."

Photographing a Deer.

Mr. George Shiras, in the Independent, describes his method of taking deer photographs. On the bow of his canoe he mounts two cameras, and above them a lamp with a strong reflector. Equipped with photographic plates and flash-lights, he starts out on a warm, dark night.

Soon the quick ears of the men in the boat detect the sound of a deer feeding among the lily beds that fringe the shore. Knee-deep in the water, he is moving contentedly about, munching his supper of thick green leaves.

The lantern spins about on its pivot and the bore of light chases up and down the bank whence the noise comes. A moment more, and two bright balls shine back from under the fringe of trees; one hundred and fifty yards away the deer has raised his head.

Straight for the mark of the shining eyes the canoe is sent with firm, silent strokes. The distance is only one hundred yards, now it is only fifty, and the motion of the canoe is checked till it is gliding forward almost imperceptibly. Twenty-five yards now, and the question is, Will he stand a moment longer?

The flash-light apparatus has been raised well above any obstructions in the front of the boat, the powder lies in the pan ready to ignite at the pull of the trigger. Closer comes the boat, and still the red eyeballs watch it. What a strange phenomenon this pretty light is! Nothing like it has ever been seen on the lake during all the days of his deerhood.

Fifteen yards now, and the tension is becoming great. Suddenly there is a click, and a white wave of light breaks out from the bow of the boat, deer, hills, trees, everything stands for the moment in the white glare of noonday. A dull report, and then a veil of inky darkness descends.

Just a tenth of a second has elapsed, but it has been long enough to trace the picture of the deer on the plates of the camera, and long enough to blind for the moment the eyes of both deer and men.

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THE MASTER OF THE STEAM.

A rough shed served as a railway-station at Barranca, New Mexico. Within, the stationmaster was taking a siesta upon a couch draped with brightly colored Navajo blankets.

The stationmaster raised himself on his elbow. The face of an old Indian, seamed and wrinkled, was peering in at the open doorway.

In good Spanish he asked to see the "head man" of the "iron way." Then he told the object of his visit. He was the chief of the Jicarilla Apaches, whose reservation was forty miles distant. He had heard his tribesmen tell wonderful stories of the great iron way that the white man made through the land, and of the fiery monster that flew along its trail. He did not believe all the tales they told. He had come to learn if these tales could be true.

It was almost time for the arrival of the express train on its way to Espanola. While awaiting its coming, the stationmaster tried to explain to the Apache how the engine drew the cars along the rails; but the old man either did not understand, or did not believe him, for he shook his head and smiled incredulously.

"Por Dios!" ejaculated the savage, with a sudden start, as the shrill whistle of an approaching locomotive broke the silence, and in a moment more the "demon of the iron way" came tearing round a curve, with its four passenger cars sweeping gracefully behind.

The old Apache took a position a safe distance from the track. Whatever his fears, he made a brave effort to master them. He was more than astonished—he was awe-stricken. He gazed with a bewildered expression at the great monster, now come to a stop at the station.

Down from the tender to the engine came the engineer, a dumpy little fellow, with a long-necked oil can in his hand.

"Santa Maria!" gasped the savage nervously, clasping his hands. "The Master of the Steam!"

His eyes followed every movement of the engineer; they shone with the light of adoration. So far as he knew, this was the only engine in the world, and this man the only master of it.

He felt the hand of the Indian brush his clothing. The Apache had "touched the hem of his garment," or, more correctly speaking, the edge of his vest, and there was an expression of gratification on the old man's face.

With two shrill whistles, which startled the Indian, the engine and its cars glided out of the station and sped downward to the entrance to Embudo Canon.

The Apache tarried with the stationmaster. He watched the train until a curve lost it to sight, and listened until its last echo died away.

* * * * *

Two weeks had passed, and the Apache had come again to see the "Master of the Steam." The stationmaster explained to him that the engineer would not pass that day, but that he would go by in the night; that unless there were people to travel by the train "the steam" would not stop there at night. The savage, without a word, departed, slowly and sadly.

The moon shone full and clear on the New Mexican mesa, and the parallel bands of steel that marked the course of civilization's roadway gleamed in the bright light. Above Barranca Station—almost within sight of it—was a small cluster of trees, toward which two men were riding at a swift gallop. When they had arrived and dismounted, one of them said:

"Climb that telegraph pole, quick, and cut the wire; there is no time to lose."

"We should have been here half an hour ago," continued the speaker, 'I never got lost before cutting across the divide. Now, take this crowbar and pry a rail loose; I'll swing a lantern, and if they don't stop we'll ditch 'em; if they do, why, they can fix the rail in a minute and go on."

"How much money do you think they've aboard?"

"I don't know exactly; there's fifty thousand dollars for the First National bank of Santa Fe—that I know they've got, and that's enough for us, if we get it."

The man who had received the order took the crowbar and approached the track. He raised the bar and brought it down with force beside the rail. Just then there was a hissing, singing sound, as if some huge insect had suddenly flown toward them, and the man with the bar fell to the ground, full length across the track. An arrow was buried deep in his breast over the heart.

It was a rash thing for his companion to do, but he was a desperate and an impulsive man. His six-shooter flashed in the moonlight, and he fired into the bush, in the direction from which the arrow had come. He listened intently. He heard a groan, and started across the track. The shrill scream of a locomotive's whistle startled him.

He stopped for an instant, and then started toward his horse. He grabbed the big pommel of his Mexican saddle to swing himself into the seat. As he cleared the ground the hissing, singing sound was repeated. An arrow grazed his leg and struck his horse in the stomach.

With a snort the animal jumped aside, and the man fell heavily to the ground. The pained beast, with the arrow in his side, began to kick, and one blow from his heels fell upon the leg of the man. He uttered an oath and tried to gain his feet, but the effort was too great. His leg was broken. When he fell from his horse he dropped his six-shooter. It lay some distance away, glittering in the grass. He tried to crawl to where it lay, but the slightest effort made him cry out with agony.

The headlight of the engine added but little to the brightness of the scene as the gray iron horse came into view. The dumpy little engineer was leaning out of the window. Suddenly, he withdrew his head, reversed his engine, and applied the brakes.

"What's the matter, Fatty?" asked the fireman.

"Man on the track," was the laconic answer.

The engine stopped, and most of the trainhands went forward.

The injured robber, with his revolver a dozen feet away, the dead man on the track with an arrow in his breast, and a crowbar beside him, the lantern in the bushes, the picketed horse, instantly made clear the fact that a proposed train robbery had met with fatal interference. As the officials stood beside the injured robber, who refused to speak, a deep groan came from the bush on the opposite side of the track. They cautiously advanced in that direction.

The engineer made the discovery. Lying behind a little cluster of brush was an Indian. The breast of his cotton shirt was red with blood. In his left hand he clutched a stout bow, and in his right hand was an arrow.

The old engineer bent over him and recognized him. It was the old Apache chief.

The light of recognition shone in the dying man's eyes. As the engineer raised the Indian's head from the ground, a smile passed over the brown face of the savage. His lips moved:

"The Master of the Steam!" he said, and died.

A MISTAKE THAT PAID.

Hambleton hurried into his publisher's office to be received with the honor due an author who can afford to pay his own printing bills.

"Have you that copy you promised?" he demanded as he set down the suit case on the floor and took a chair.

The manager looked concerned.

"I regret that it is not ready," he said blandly. "Of course we promised it for today, but it is not yet noon, Mr. Hambleton. Now by 6 o'clock——"

"By 6 o'clock I shall be several hnudred miles away from town," completed Hambleton with a nod in the direction of the suit case. "I have been called away suddenly and I shall be gone for a week or ten days. That book was to have been a birthday present. Now it is all spoiled."

"We can send it up for you," suggested the manager soothingly. "Of course, you will want to write an inscription?"

Hambleton nodded and the manager rang the bell. Presently the messenger who had been called returned with a fly leaf on which Hambleton wrote a birthday sentiment for Stella Bergen. The sheet was rushed back to the bindery and Hambleton departed happy in the assurance that the finished book would be delivered to "Miss Stella Bergen" the very first thing in the morning.

It was Hambleton's first book, and he was anxious that it should be laid a tribute at the shapely feet of Miss Bergen on her natal day.

More to Miss Bergen than to Hambleton was due the credit for the work. She had expressed her dislike for men who did nothing, and he had hastily decided to use his gift for narrative in writing a novel. He cared nothing for the financial returns, but he wanted the glory that should be his, for that glory would help him win the hand of Stella, the real prize that Hambleton sought.

Content that in spite of the imperative call out of town, his gift would reach her, Hambleton made for the train in a peaceful mood, and a few days later there reached him on his travels a note of thanks that proved the probity of the publisher.

Somehow Hambleton was not pleased with the letter. There seemed to be an undercurrent of sarcasm, and while she paised Miss Bergen's nature, and while she praised nobility of the sentiment and the directness of his logic a false ring in certain phrases worried Hambleton and gave the impression that the girl was not sincere in her appreciation.

Still, there was nothing in the letter at which he could take offence and he could only wait until he reached town before making inquiry. Meanwhile, there came a second letter that brought more content.

"Your book is on the stands and I am delighted with it," wrote Miss Bergen. "Of course I saw it all in the manuscript, but the printed page seems different and better. You have written a story of which you should be as proud as I am. The story is far better than your joke."

Hambleton was both puzzled and pleased and he rejoiced that his business affairs were concluded and that he was leaving for home on the night train. The following evening found him in the Bergens' parlor, impatiently waiting Stella's appearance.

"Whatever did you mean by your letters?" he demanded as soon as greetings had been exchanged. "What is the joke to which you refer?"

For answer she handed him two copies of his book. One was without inscription, the other bore the florid dedication.

"Read along a little," she suggested, as he still stared bewilderingly. "Turn over a dozen pages or so."

Hambleton obeyed instructions, and presently amazement and wrath alternated in his face. Only the first pages of the novel he had written were given; the rest of the book was a series of sermons on the duties of matrimony by a famous sensational preacher.

Hambleton remembered the stir they had created when they were deliverd. The noted divine had declared that a state of single blessedness would inevitably lead its converts to perdition, and the statements he had made had been widely discussed.

"Have you read any of this rot?" asked Hambleton.

Stella nodded.

"I read it at the time," she explained. "I read it again to see if there had been any modification of the statements."

"This is the work of the devil," explained Hambleton. "I mean the printer's devil—the shop boy who does the errands. He was told to get the set of sheets and have them bound up. He picked out the wrong set to go with the title. It was his doings; not mine."

"When his satanic majesty meddles with sermons there is apt to be trouble," admitted Stella, "but I am glad that it was his doings and not yours. It seemed to me a very poor joke."

"And yet the advice is good," declared Hambleton. "In answer to the cry 'What shall I do to be saved' the answer comes 'Get married.' I think that I need to be saved."

Stella regarded him in amazement. There was an odd mixture of earnestness and jest in his manner, and she did not know how to regard his remark. Hambleton quickly came to her relief.

"I mean that I want to be married," he explained. "That book was written to show you that I could do things, because you said that you had no regard for an idle man. Now that I have proved my ability, Stella, am I not deserving of a reward? It was for you that the book was written. You were my inspiration. The insertion of those sermons seems almost like an omen. Will you accept the sign, dear?"

Only for a moment did the girl pause. The interview had an atmosphere of unreality, but there was no mistaking Hambleton's earnestness. For answer she placed her hand in his and the next moment Hambleton's arms were about her and he was saying those things that seem so absurd to any one not intimately concerned.

It was a radiant author who presented himself at the publisher's the next morning with a demand for an interview with the apprentice boy who had mixed the "signatures"—the sets of pages which go to make up a book.

"We will attend to his case," promised the sauve manager. "He shall be dismissed at once."

"But I don't want him dismissed," explained Hambleton. "I want to give him this."

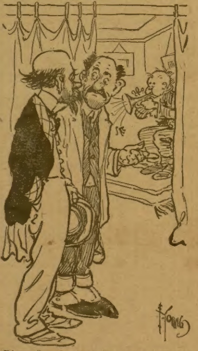
He displayed a bank note with a yellow back and the manager shook his head, more than ever convinced that authors were persons in need of guardians.

"He did me a favor," explained Hambleton; "the greatest possible favor—even though it was done by a devil."

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut, South Bend, Indiana.

The Reason.



Riggs—I understand that you encourage your son to practice on the cornet.

Griggs—Yes, sir. He's only been playing two months—but today I bought the house next door to me for one-half of its value.

Love's Progression.

"Do you love me?"

"Oh, I love you so much."

"How much do you love me?"

"Oh, I love you so much that I can't tell you how much I do love you."

"Do you really love me as much as that?"

"Oh, yes."

"Don't you love me any more than that?"

"Oh, yes, I do, I love you so much that I can't even tell you how little it is that I can't tell you how much I love you. And do you love me?"

"Oh, yes. So much."

"How much do you love me?"

"I love you just as much as you have said you couldn't tell me how much you love me."

"Don't you love me any more than that?"

"Oh, yes. I love you as much as I can't tell you how much you couldn't tell me. Do you love me as much as that?"

"Oh, yes. I love you more than that. I love you so much that if what both of us cannot tell the other how much we love should be put together, I would still love you so much more than this that I couldn't begin to tell you how much more I couldn't tell you. Oh, please say you love me more than this!"

"I do, I do. I love you so much more that——"

(Owing to a lack of unlimited space the remainder of this interesting conversation is indefinitely postponed.)

In Chicago's Four Hundred.

Chicago Youth—Is Miss Lakeside at home?

Servant—Yis, sor; but there's another young man in th' parlor, and yez are to lave yer pistol on th' hat-rack.

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE."

We have all read, talked, and dreamed much about love. We concede it to be the sweetest word in all the world, the happiest sentiment that ever lodged in the human heart. It lends a grace to the palace and cottage alike, and in the meanest home on earth is hallowed by its presence.

But we are not ready to believe all the fine, poetic tales that fiction-writers tell us, about the beauties of "love" that "dwells in a cottage," and flourishes upon the seductive diet of humming-birds' tongues, ambrosia, and distilled rose-leaves. Kisses and caresses may endure for a day, but they never butter our bread, nor buy our beefsteak.

Some writers create charming pictures of wedded life. They read like pages from some fairy-book all tinged with romance, love, and hope. Fair girls pore over the glittering leaves, and form their own ideas of that mystic existence. To them it is an entrance to Eden—a peri land filled with verdure, sunshine, birds, and music. They see their favorite hero with his lady-love marched triumphantly up to the marriage-altar arm in arm, heart to heart, amid an immense display of flowers and white favors. A moment's lingering of white hands above two bowed heads, a blessing softly evoked by the minister, and the happy husband bears his beautiful bride proudly away, to spend an ecstatic honeymoon in some far-off favored clime. Few writers go beyond, and tells us of the trials and tears that must come into their lives; of the flowerless ways for the untried feet to tread, of the desert wastes for the unfledged wings to try.

And so, with no thought beyond her laces and linens, many a fair, trusting bride has gone out from a happy home of wealth and ease, to dwell in a rustic cottage, and face the attending ills of poverty, for love's sweet sake.

All goes merry as a chime in the vine-wreathed home, but only for a little while. There are flowers in the yard, and orioles in the fir-trees, and the "glamour of love over all." But soon the roses fade, the birds go to warmer climes, the winter grows cold, and all romance and divine enchantment vanishes.

"Like dew on the leaf at the first blush of day,
It has dropped to earth—it has faded away."

The young wife has worn out her best dress, and the husband's broadcloth has seen its better days. The rooms look diminutive and cheerless; still they keep up a semblance of love and hope, long after both have fled. He goes about the task of breadwinning, while she strives to prove a helpmate in all things. At first it is like setting a humming-bird to washing dishes or a butterfly to digging potatoes. She knows it is her duty to make his home a place of peace and rest; but, alas! she is not fitted to be a poor man's wife at all. She was made to adorn a palace, and therein all the trouble lies.

Remember this, dainty daughters of wealth and ease, who dream so fondly and talk so enthusiastically of "love in a cottage," who already, perhaps, scent the odors of orange-blossoms in the air. You must be sure you are fitted to occupy the lowly position in store for you ere you step from mansion to cottage. You will see those fair hands become brown with toil, and that white brow impressed with care as the years roll on. But if you are content with your home, your husband, your life, then shall you know all of joy and bliss this world can give.

There are many unhappy homes wherein all would be peace and joy if the husband and wife knew how to pity and forgive each other's faults. But too often he forgets to give a little of that "cherishing" so proudly promised at the altar in the grand church; and she expects too much tenderness, and so becomes miserable. Their bark glides farther away from Hope's fair shores and drifts nearer the rocks—a little nearer, till lost forever.

Then, whether in costly palace or valley hut, there should be more of the little endearments that make home life so sweet, more plaudits from manly lips when the wife has done well, and more tender love-light in the eyes once so full of splendor.

The Return.

Tourist—My physician advises me to locate where I may have the benefit of the south wind. Does it blow here?

Landlord—My! but you're fortunate in coming to just the right place! Why, the south wind always blows here.

Tourist—Always? Why, it seems to be blowing from the north now.

Landlord—Oh, it may be coming from that direction, but it's the south wind. It's just coming back, you know.

It's too bad that a scolding woman never has a scolding husband.

Forgot What He Forgot.

"Wait a minute," said the suburbanite. "I've forgotten something."

"What?" asked the man who was generally his running mate.

"I forgot what I've forgotten."

"That's plain enough."

"Too bad I can't remember it."

"My dear fellow, can't you see how impossible it is to remember what we forget or what we forget we've forgotten?"

"That's all right, but what'll my wife say when I tell her I forgot to get what she told me to? And she'll be still sorer if I tell her I didn't forget to get it, but that I had forgotten what I was to get. I can't tell her that I had forgotten to get what I had forgotten, but that I remembered I forgot, can I? She'll tell me I should have forgotten to forget it."

"O, come on. Forget it."

"You mean that I should forget that I forgot what I had forgotten."

But just then the car came along, and as he took his seat near the stove, he remarked to his neighbor, "I remember now."

"Remember what?"

"I remember what I've forgotten."

"Look at the impossibility of that proposition. How can you remember what you've forgotten, any more than you can forget what you remember?"

"But I do remember. It was coffee. Can't you see how I've forgotten what I remember? And I remember what I forgot, too. And I remember what I had gorgotten I had forgotten."

A girl without an appetite can afford to marry a poet.

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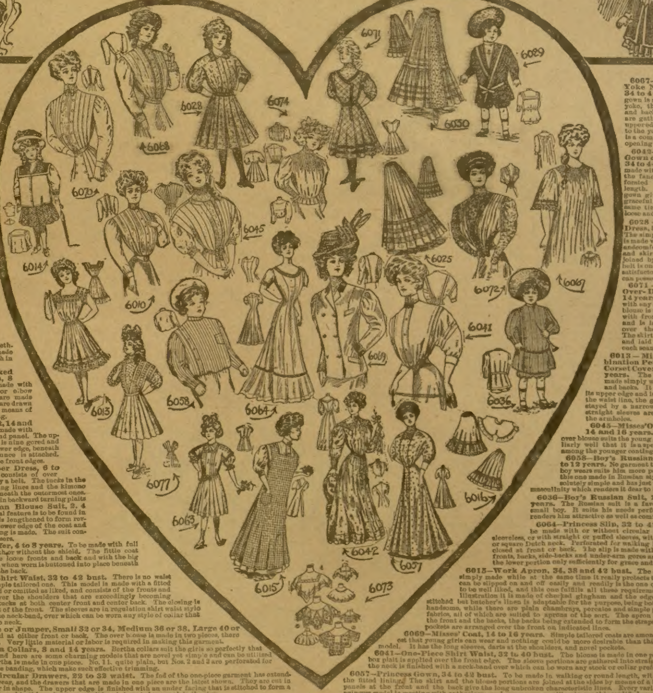

6025 — Straight Plaited Walking Skirt, 22 to 30 waist. Bordered materials are in ever increasing demand for skirts that are suited to their use and this one is straight at its lower edge and consequently perfectly well adapted to the purpose The skirt is made in one piece and is laid in backward turning plaits.

6010—Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 bust. Made with the front and the back, a regulation box plait at the center front and a neck-band finishes the neck. Collar is of the turn-over sort and can be made from any striped material or to match waist. Regulation sleeves with cuffs straight.

6068—A Misse's Shirt Waist, 14 to 16 years. This simple shirt waist that is made with long sleeves is designed for young girls. The waist is made with fronts and back.

6063—Girl's one-piece Dress, 6 to 12 years. Pretty little dresses, buttoned together under the arms, or made in envelope style are much in vogue now.

6074 — Girl's Tucked and Plain Guimpes, 8 to 14 years. To be made with fancy or plain long or elbow sleeves. The guimpes are made with front and backs and are drawn up at the waist line by means of tapes inserted in a casing.

6030—Misses' Skirt, 14 and 16 years. The skirt is made with upper portion, flounce and panel. The upper portion of the skirt is nine gored and is laid in a tuck at the lower edge, beneath which the gathered flounce is attached. The panel is joined to the front edges.

6077—Girl's Jumper Dress, 6 to 12 years. The dress consists of over blouse and skirt joined by a belt. The tucks in the over blouse give becoming lines and the kimono sleeves are attached beneath the outermost ones. The straight skirt is laid in backward turning plaits

6029—Boy's Russian Blouse Suit, 2, 4 and 6 years. A special feature is to be found in the sailor collar, which is lengthened to form revers which extend to the lower edge of the coat and beneath which the closing is made. The suit consists of the coat and trousers.

6014—Child's Reefer, 4 to 8 years. To be made with full or plain sleeves, worn with or without the shield. The little coat is made simply with the loose fronts and back and with the big sailor collar. The shield when worn is buttoned into place beneath the collar and closed at the back.

6070—Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 bust. There is no waist quite so useful as the simple tailored one. This model is made with a fitted lining, which can be used or omitted as liked, and consists of the fronts and back. There are tucks over the shoulders that are exceedingly becoming and there are narrow tucks at both center front and center back. The closing is made invisibly at the left of the front. The sleeves are in regulation shirt waist style with straight cuffs and the neck-band, over which can be worn any style of collar that may be liked, finishes the neck.

6072—Over Blouse or Jumper, Small 32 or 34, Medium 36 or 38, Large 40 or 42 bust. To be closed at either front or back. The over blouse is made in two pieces, there being no seams whatever. Very little material or labor is required in making this garment.

6073—Girl's Bertha Collars, 8 and 14 years. Bertha collars suit the girls so perfectly that they are always worn and here are some charming models that are novel yet simple and can be utilized over any dress. Each bertha is made in one piece. No. 11. quite plain, but Nos. 2 and 3 are perforated for the medallions and for the banding, which make such effective trimming.

6016—One-Piece Circular Drawers, 22 to 32 waist. The fad of the one-piece garment has extended to the realm of underwear, and the drawers that are made in one piece are the latest shown. They are cut in one piece and are circular in shape. The upper edge is finished with an under facing that is stitched to form a casing at the back portion, and in this casing tape or ribbon is inserted to regulate the size.

6067—A Round Yoke Nightgown, 34 to 44 bust. The gown is made with the yoke, the full front and back. These last are gathered at their upper edges and joined to the yoke and there is a comfortable deep opening at the front.

6042—A House Gown or Wrapper, 34 to 44 bust. To be made with or without the fancy collar, perforated for shorter length. This house gown gives long and graceful lines at the same time that it is loose and comfortable.

6028 — A Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 yrs. The simple dress that is made with the loose and comfortable blouse and skirt which are joined by means of a belt is one of the most satisfactory that a girl can possess.

6071 — A Girl's Over-Dress, 8 to 14 years. To be worn with any guimpe. The blouse is made simply with fronts and back and is laid in tucks over the shoulders. The skirt is five gored and laid in a plait at each seam.

6013 — Misses' Combination Petticoat and Corset Cover, 14 and 16 years. The petticoat is made simply with the front and backs. It is tucked at its upper edge and is gathered at the waist line, the gathers being stayed by a narrow belt. The straight sleeves are inserted in the armholes.

6045—Misses' Over Blouse 14 and 16 years. This pretty over blouse suits the young girls so peculiarly well that it is a special favorite among the younger contingent.

6058—Boy's Russian Blouse, 6 to 12 years. No garment that the small boy wears suits him more perfectly than this one made in Russian style. It is absolutely simple and has just that touch of masculinity which renders it dear to his heart.

6036—Boy's Russian Suit, 2, 4 and 6 years. The Russian suit is a favorite for the small boy. It suits his needs perfectly and it renders him attractive as well as comfortable.

6064—Princess Slip, 32 to 42 bust. To be made with or without circular flounce and sleeveless, or with straight or puffed sleeves, with low, round or square Dutch neck. Perforated for walking length; to be closed at front or back. The slip is made with fronts, side fronts, backs, side-backs and under-arm gores and it flares at the lower portion only sufficiently for grace and comfort.

6015—Work Apron, 34, 38 and 42 bust. The apron that is simply made while at the same time it really protects the gown and can be slipped on and off easily and readily is the one quite certain to be well liked, and this one fulfills all these requirements. In the illustration it is made of checked gingham and the edges are simply stitched but butcher's linen is adaptable for the purpose, being both sturdy and handsome, while there are plain chambrays, percales and simple printed wash fabrics, all of which are suited to aprons of the sort. The apron is made with the front and the backs, the backs being extended to form the straps. The patch pockets are arranged over the front on indicated lines.

6069—Misses' Coat, 14 to 16 years. Simple tailored coats are among the smartest that young girls can wear and nothing could be more desirable than this particular model. It has the long sleeves, darts at the shoulders, and novel pockets.

6041—One-Piece Shirt Waist, 32 to 40 bust. The blouse is made in one piece and the box plait is applied over the front edge. The sleeve portions are gathered into straight cuffs and the neck is finished with a neck-band over which can be worn any stock or collar preferred.

6057—Princess Gown, 34 to 42 bust. To be made in walking or round length, with or without the fitted lining. The skirt and the blouse portions are joined at the sides by means of a belt, but the panels at the front and the back give the long unbroken characteristic lines. Every variation of the princess model is meeting with enthusiasm, and many women will welcome this modified one.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

I WISH I KNEW.

I've got a beautiful red dress;
I've only worn it twice,
'Cause mamma says it wouldn't do
To wear it—it's too nice.

It's fun to be a little girl
And do the things I do,
But, then, sometimes I kind o' wish
I was a robin, too.

It must be fine for them to wear
Their red breasts every day,
And never have to take them off
And lay them all away.

I wonder how they keep them nice
And clean, the way they do;
They always look like they were bought
Just bandy, spandy new.

Girl Defied an Army.

It is related that the army, headed by Sheridan and his staff, left Winchester by the valley pike early in the morning, the column moving toward Stephens City. Just as day was approaching the staff reached the tollgate and was discomfited by a young and beautiful girl, Charlotte Hillman, famed locally for her girlish charms. Even the war-hardened Sheridan seems not to have been proof against the persuasion of a pair of black eyes and a pretty face, and when toll was demanded straightway produced the tithe, setting an example that was followed by his staff.

"But," said Sheridan, as he passed through the gate, "I cannot vouch for my army."

When the common soldiery came the girl again lowered the toll bar and demanded toll. This was met by jeers from the guard. All day the dusty troopers passed through, and all day Charlotte Hillman stood at her post. For every ten soldiers who passed through the gate she cut a notch in the toll pole. Early fled beyond the Blue Ridge with the remains of his disorganized army; in the valley of Virginia, Lee, beaten back by Grant's overwheming numbers, gave up the fight; in the southeast Joe Johnston fired the last burlesque shots and peace came again over the North and South. Then, when relations with Washington had been re-established and the administration's policy was one of magnanimity, Charlotte Hillman counted the notches in the toll pole and sent her bill to Washington. And the bill was paid.

A Farmer Boy's Genius.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jackknife, and after he had got it all done, he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying that he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his [illegible]

The blacksmith saw that he had no common lad as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy.

It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms and the boy received half the profits. In about a year, the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year ago.

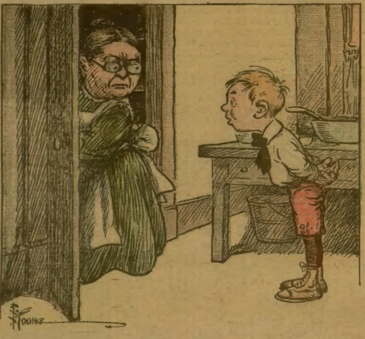
Virtue Buttons.

The five buttons on the coats of Chinamen are intended to remind them of the five chief moral virtues which Confucius recommended. These are—Humanity, justice, order, rectitude and prudence.

Rural Teacher—What current event of great interest can you give me this mornin?

Small Girl (eagerly)—My ma has just made twenty tumblers of currant jelly.

MISSED IT.



Aunty—Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there is only one. How is that?

Tommy—Please, it was so dark, aunty, I didn't see that one!

A Cat in the Mail.

A curious adventure which befell a pet cat belonging to the Pietersburg (Transvaal) postoffice is told in the Diamond Fields Advertiser. As the animal did not answer to the usual summons to breakfast, inquiries were made at the office. These showed that it had not been seen since the previous evening, when it was seen playing around the Johannesburg mail bags, then in course of preparation for dispatch down country.

It occurred to one of the staff that by some mischance the cat might have been accidentally tied up and sealed along with postal matter, slung on to the contractor's wagon to the station and sent away south on the night train. A telegram was sent to the Johannesburg office, and a little later the following reply was ticked off: "Cat returning by 9:10 p. m. mail tonight." The cat subsequently arrived after its 210-mile journey none the worse for the experience.

PLUCK.

A little rill came tumbling down
Upon the jutting rocks,
And got the very hardest kind
Of bruises, bumps and knocks.

But it bravely leapt, and laughed,
And went upon its way—
Precisely as a boy should do
When he gets hurt at play!

Neighborly.

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor he chanced to pass the neighbor's place, where he saw their little boy sitting on the edge of the pigpen watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny," said he; "how's your pig today?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How are your folks?"

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me where the north pole is?

Small Johnny—Yes, ma'am. It's at the top of the map.

—

"What straits are the most dangerous?"

"Whisky straights," promptly answered the boy in geography.

—

Mamma—Tommy, I see you took two pieces of cake instead of one, as I told you. Why did you do that?

Tommy—Well, mamma, I was playing that another boy was visiting me, and I knew you wouldn't mind me giving him a piece.

—

Little Allen was crying because he had accidentally let his toy balloon get away from him.

"Never mind, Allen," said his small sister. "When you die and go to Heaven you'll get it again."

—

Mamma—What is that red mark on your arm, Willie?

Small Willie—Oh, that's where I scratched it with the cat.

—

"What is it that stingeth like an adder, Johnny?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Mamma's slippers," was the prompt but unexpected reply.

—

"'Plow deep while sluggards sleep,' was a favorite proverb of Benjamin Franklin," said the teacher.

The next day she said: "Tommy, what was that proverb about the sluggards I repeated yesterday?"

"Plow more while sluggards snore," answered Tommy.

—

"Mamma," said small Howard, who had come out second best in an encounter with a little playmate, "Jimmy Smith hit me."

"And did you hit him back?" asked his mother.

"No," answered Howard. "I was going to, but I was afraid he'd hit me again."

How a Girl Throws.

Perhaps a better title would have been "How a Girl Doesn't Throw," because it is well known that a girl cannot propel a ball or anything else like a boy. Most people—and all boys—conclude that this defect arises from clumsiness, but that is a mistake.

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this:

The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back, with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body, and the forearm at an angle of forty-five degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, working every joint from shoulder to wrist.

The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar bone in the feminine anatomy is some inches longer and set some degrees lower down than in the masculine frame. The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

Drop by Drop.

Nothing is softer than water, yet nothing is more powerful, when properly applied. It is only by practical experiment that some people can be convinced of its potent force.

At a recent entertainment in Leavenworth a wager was made that the strongest man present could not stand a quart of water, dropped into his hand, drop by drop, from a height of three feet. A strong, manly fellow eagerly accepted the bet, thinking that to stand the force of such a small quantity of water was mere child's play.

Before 500 drops had fallen into his hand, he almost cried with pain and said he had enough. After a little water had fallen, each drop seemed to crush his hand and a blister in the center of it was the result. This is a very practical illustration of the old adage that constant dropping wears away stones.

Doubtful.

Margie was industriously sewing for her doll, when she suddenly stopped work and turned to her mother, says the Woman's Home Companion.

"Oh, mamma, what do you think?" she exclaimed.

"What is the trouble, dearie?" asked the mother.

"I started to make my dolly a bonnet," explained Margie, "and I do believe it's going to come out an apron!"

The Busy Bee.

The scholars having been requested by their teacher to write an original verse about the bee, Alice submitted the following:

"How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite;
He gathers honey all the day,
And eats it up at night."

Races With Toy Motor Boats.

Toy motor-boat racing has become very popular among the boys and girls of Paris. These boats range in length from a few inches to four feet, the boats of greater size being driven by engines of considerable power. Regular contests are arranged in the artificial lakes of the Tuileries Gardens and other convenient basins.